

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

SEPTEMBER 2, 1987

a Time Inc. weekly publication

25 CENTS

\$7.00 A YEAR

**ALTHEA
GIBSON**
MEETS HER
BIGGEST TEST
AT
FOREST HILLS



Where there's Life...there's Bud!

THERE IT IS in blue and white: The label tells you the ingredients that make Budweiser so refreshing. Unusual for a beer label? Yes, it is. But this is Budweiser.

A vintage Budweiser advertisement. The background is a woman in a bathtub, smiling and looking up, with water droplets on her face and hair. A hand pours beer from a Budweiser can into a glass held by another hand. The can's label is clearly visible, showing the Budweiser logo and 'LAGER BEER'. The word 'Budweiser' is printed in large, white, serif font at the bottom of the image.

Budweiser



a Man's Gun in every detail

---but so light and perfectly balanced
that Junior or Sis can hit the target
equally as well as Dad

The Browning .22 AUTOMATIC RIFLE
is the sweetest little gun you'll ever
nestle against your shoulder. Weighs only
4½ pounds. Safe... Durable...
Precision Workmanship... Hand Engraved
... And, most important of all:
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the gun you deserve **BROWNING**



Grade I .22 Automatic Rifle \$69.50

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Prices subject to change without notice

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BROWNING ARMS CO., Dept. 28, St. Louis 1, Missouri

Advertisements on page 12



COVER: ALTHEA GIBSON
Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

In the course of her uphill fight to tennis fame, Althea Gibson was known as much for stubbornness as excellence. Few know the warm personality beneath as her friend Sarah Palfrey does. For her intimate glimpse of Althea, and Bill Talbot's *FAVORITE* of the National singles, see page 28.

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THE VEEP: HE SWUNG AND HE MISSED

Pete Endersbacher loses his best but makes his point. By MARTIN KANE

SPECTACLE: THE RIVER

A St. Lawrence way of life photographed by TONI FRISSELL

PREVIEW: FOREST HILLS

SARAH PALFREY presents an intimate portrait of Althea Gibson, a frequently misunderstood young lady; WILLIAM F. TALBOT provides the 1957 *Nationality* and HERACK BUTTON conducts a tour of Forest Hills

SPORTING LOOK: COLLEGE '57

The University of Missouri models the latest clothes. IN COLOR

REMEMBER THE OLD CANOE?

Photographer WALLACE KIERLAND takes you on a nostalgic trip IN COLOR, and SPANDE GREY HACKLE fondly recalls the canoes he has known

THE EDESEL ARRIVES

Debut of a powerful, glittering new Ford Motor Co. car. By KENNETH RUDSON

BLUE HEAVEN

In the Marshall Islands EIRA BOWEN discovers a world's paradise

SAN FRANCISCO 1, LOS ANGELES 0

Major league baseball finally reaches the Coast—and not at L.A.

DEEP IN THE BUSH

Life in Class D baseball is photographed by JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN. BY ROBERT H. BOYLE finds old Dodger Pete Rivier managing Kokomo

BONNIE PRUDDEN'S FUN & FITNESS COURSE

In the fifth of her series, she presents the HUR SHIRT and DICKY KNIFE BEND

THE DEPARTMENTS

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NEXT WEEK

UNDERSEA IDYL

Beginning: an extraordinary story by Legation-Diplomat-Playwright Clare Boothe Luce

PLUS: Eleven pages on the U.S. National Amateur Golf Tournament; and Ray McMillan, king of shortstops



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SCOREBOARD

these faces in the crowd . . .



Angel Stachos, pitcher, a scholastic from the Los Angeles Dodgers, turned right-hander to pitch perfect 1.0 no-hitter against bigger La Mesa, Calif., in final game, giving his Cal State team La Mesa League World Series title at Williamsport, Pa.



Jack Nicklaus, lucky 17-year-old homebred, made up a two-stroke deficit soon after start of final round but had to hang on grimly in face of determined challenge by John Kunkis to win (294-296) international junior golf title at Columbus.



Rob Robbins, 21, speed-loving daredevil from West Stafford, Colts, finished his Class D utility swimmer around mile Lake Quabbin pond at average speed of 31.65 mph to win 100-mile Monson Grand National at Worcester, Mass.

RECORD BREAKERS

Stefan Moss, 19-year-old British racing driver, third, but four-lap-long, British-built experimental MG race and fourth among Dale's Buickville fish. Class A four-lap-long clip set for record marks for Class F race (Aug. 24). His record: 244.4 mph for one kilometer; 245.11 mph for 1/2 mile; 245.48 mph for 1/4 mile; 245.48 mph for 1/8 mile; 245.48 mph for 1/16 mile; 245.48 mph for 1/32 mile.

Swim records, as vulnerable as politicians at a politician's ball, continued to fall on both sides of ocean. Dutch swimmers overhauled a world mark at Barcelona, where Eric Voogd updated 100-meter butterfly in 1:14 and Jolanda de Nijp, record, 1,200-meter freestyle in 20:01.2 (Aug. 20). Three American freestyle stands were broken when 17-year-old Liane Larson of St. Monica, Calif., was clocked in 1:02.7 for 200-meter butterfly at Glendale (Aug. 19). Olympian Bill Yorky finished 100-yard butterfly in 56.8 at Southfield, N.Y. (Aug. 22), pretty 17-year-old Chris Van Halbeek of Glendale, Calif., finished 100-meter butterfly in 1:03.8 at San Francisco (Aug. 21).

BASEBALL

Pitcher Bob Knepp, 198, right-hander, gave Chicago White Sox an American League pennant fight. Knepp, 198, 6-6 no-hitter against Washington (see page 17), came back five days later to beat Baltimore 6-2 on Cleveland and more streaking, 10 straight Chicago to win four games of league-leading New York Yankees on two teams headed toward last two years.

Milwaukee, back on track after giving last long-term season second thought, began to stretch out National League again, taking two out of three from Brooklyn to force 7 1/2 games out of Dodgers and St. Louis.

SWIMMING

English Channel, looking more like bay intervention than once unapproachable mass of rough water, got broken again for the 1980 or no time last week. Gertie Anderson, Danish-born American swimmer, paddled

off with biggest prize—Challenge Trophy worth \$1,000 and 40,000 in cash—after breaking 12 miles through rapids and tide from Cape Girardeau to Dover in 13:45 in staggered waters ahead of Britain's Kenneth Wap in international team race. While Wap was leading his way toward, British Naval Commander Gerald Bradford, 45, slipped into water at St. Margaret's Bay, finished his way returned to Cape Girardeau in 14:04 to better record but two years ago by American's Florence Chadwick.

TRACK & FIELD

Norwegian showed up winner Olav Thon, Nina Persson, who pulled out of 1976 in England post-race, barely needed her to score last British 100-yard race at London's White City Stadium, winning events better and you to win men's competition 119.85, women's event 74.48.

SHOOTING

The Russians, sharp-eyed U. of Wisconsin product and newly elected president of American Trapshooters Association, finished well behind Carmel Russell Crawford of Maywood, Ill. (see below) in United American Handicap has proved to be most consistent marksmen in shooting tournament at Vandellia, Ohio, breaking 801 of 1,000 targets for most all-time, 100 of 100 for all-around score. Lela Hall Frank of Los Angeles, back on firing line after nine-year absence, was last overall dual shooter with 911 of 1,000. Amateur Chip Tappan championships went to Jack Smith of Canton, Ill., and Helen Thomas of Los Angeles, who also captured all-around title.

BOXING

Heavyweight champion Florio Patterson learned to box technique really in second round, after hard, smartly and professionally to judge punchy but amateurish Olympic champion Peter Rademacher up and down like a Trojan river knowledge in four rounds and straight stopped in sixth, when Roberto Tomyon Longoria scored out every challenger in most unusual championship fight of all at South (see page 16).

Lightweight Champion Joe Brown, still willing to make his crown pay off, may have found way in

Chicago, where he bumbled seven-round chance to knock out No. 10 contender Andy Lopez, a 440-lb. underdog, but managed to come away with 10-round knockout win and possible opponent for title bout. (Herald News: "It's fight like for the title: it's money is right.")

Sugar Ray Robinson, who gave Joe Frazier all kinds of fun before he agreed to defend middleweight title against Walterweight Champion Carmel Russell in Yankee Stadium, September 23, had another one ready for boxing's No. 1 contender: Kingman had over-theater TV contract coupled with threat to walk out on fight. "Crash Super Ray" (He's retired on retirement, I've always had trouble with him and the BBC. The fight I have with North also tougher than the one to the ring.) Commentator Julian Holland told Robinson to fight to win him of his title.

HORSE RACING

Willie Hartsack, driving head on Eddie Brown's second of 40 steeplechase in stable year, had his 22nd after losing 10th 1st shot David's Hound past Brown and favored Althea in sprint for win to win \$140,000 Washington Park Paragym for 2-year-olds.

Bronzed, Woodley Lane Farm's 4-year-old bay colt, responded quietly in Shady Grove yearling to bring, drove out nearly when prepared to finish length ahead of River York, 2 1/2 in front of sophomore Chalk Bay in \$10,100 Saratoga Handicap.

GOLF

Ken Venturi, lucky San Francisco auto dealer who dropped machines to play for pay, hit his second straight pot of gold, striking around 260 to win 1980 Miller Point and \$50,000 at Millerton.

MILEPOST

into—Nels Thormann, 36, left-on-again horse player seen for Montreal Maroons, Boston Bruins and New York Americans from 1925 to 1945, known in trade as "Old Puss" (he died) shotmaking around edge holder of NHL, 1945-46 season record 322, and operation by Marjorie Shook. Richard in 1950, a team attack, at Wings Beach, Ore.

continued

focus on the deed . . .



GOLFER Jo Anne Gunderson bags trophy after beating Mrs. Ann Casey Jackson 8 and 6 in Women's Amateur at Sacramento.



DISCUS THROWER Tetsuro Fries of Russia gives his only other tourist as the game off a 171-foot throw in London meet.

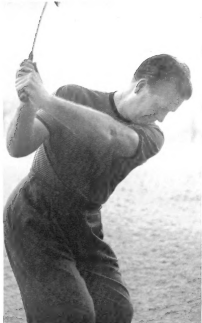


SHARPSHOOTER C. E. Crooked sights a target to win Grand American Handicap in targetshooting world series at Vandellia, Ohio.

THIS IS NUMBER 3 IN A SERIES OF ADVERTISEMENTS
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JIMMY DEMARET TALKS ABOUT THE NEW IMPERIAL

"The Imperial is far and away ahead of any car at any cost I've ever owned or driven," says Texas Jimmy Demaret. "Looks like a million dollars and drives the same way. Smooth and effortless. Light and balanced in your hands." Jimmy's car has won a title of its own: America's new number one prestige car. See and drive the triumphant new Imperial. Test its silken handling, its beautiful ride which makes any and all roads smooth as the fairway. Find out how the Imperial makes driving a new and magnificent sport. Imperial is Chrysler Corporation's finest product.



JIMMY DEMARET—AT THE TOP OF HIS GAME.

THE MOST COLORFUL GOLFER OF OUR TIME SHOWS THE BOYS HIS GLAMOROUS NEW IMPERIAL.



SCOREBOARD

continued

baseball X-RAY



Harry H. Briggs, 36, history instructor at U. of Alaska whose cap-toed career has included coaching Monarchs, coaching hockey, basketball, soccer, played into Lake Erie, near-crazed candy, strained funds (see page 28), because first to nabber the 20-mile distance.

FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING

100 MILES/HOUR, Miami, USAF, 200-m. tri. on road, in 1:30.34 (29.3 mph average), Milwaukee.

BASEBALL

PINEROLA, Fla., over Stamford, Conn., 9-6, Babe Ruth League World Series, Ann Arbor, Mich.

BOATING

MALCOLM MACDONALD, Kingston, Mass., Int'l. 24 Class title, with 128 pts., Chicago.

BOXING

BOY FLORIAN, 12-round decision over Ralph (Cage) LANE, middleweight, St. Paul.

GLAD (GLAD), 10-round decision over Walter Byan, welterweight, Detroit.

GEORGE LANE, 10-round decision over Johnny Condon, lightweight, Oakland, Calif.

CRICKET

ENGLAND, over West Indies, 3 matches to 0, 2 days, London.

FOOTBALL

CHICAGO FOOTBALL LEAGUE (continued)

Red, 21-0; Green 24

Overland 20-0; B, 10-0

Overland 20-0; B, 10-0

Overland 20-0; B, 10-0

Overland 20-0; B, 10-0

Overland 20-0; B, 10-0

Overland 20-0; B, 10-0

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Overland 20-0; B, 10-0

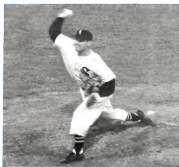
Overland 20-0; B, 10-0

Overland 20-0; B, 10-0

Overland 20-0; B, 10-0

Overland 20-0; B, 10-0

Overland 20-0; B, 10-0



FIRST NO-HITTER of the season was pitched last week by Chicago's Bob Keegan as he beat Washington 6-0 (see page 17). Five days later he pitched a three-hitter against Baltimore to bring his record to 9-4.

TEAM PERFORMANCES

THIS WEEK (8/10 to 8/16)

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Team	W-L	Win %	Games
Chicago	5-1	.833	6
New York	4-2	.667	6
Detroit	3-3	.500	6
Washington	2-4	.333	6
Baltimore	1-5	.167	6
Los Angeles	0-6	.000	6

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Team	W-L	Win %	Games
St. Louis	5-1	.833	6
Brooklyn	4-2	.667	6
New York	3-3	.500	6
Philadelphia	2-4	.333	6
Pittsburgh	1-5	.167	6
Cincinnati	0-6	.000	6

TEAM LEADERS

THIS WEEK (8/10 to 8/16)

Team	W-L	Win %	Games
Chicago	5-1	.833	6
New York	4-2	.667	6
Detroit	3-3	.500	6
Washington	2-4	.333	6
Baltimore	1-5	.167	6
Los Angeles	0-6	.000	6

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Team	W-L	Win %	Games
St. Louis	5-1	.833	6
Brooklyn	4-2	.667	6
New York	3-3	.500	6
Philadelphia	2-4	.333	6
Pittsburgh	1-5	.167	6
Cincinnati	0-6	.000	6



PRESIDENTS Andrew of Iceland (left) and Kekkonen of Finland enjoy icy splash during official state visit by Kekkonen.

HEROES AND GOATS

THE SEASON (to August 24)

Team	W-L	Win %	Games
Chicago	10-1	.909	11
New York	9-2	.818	11
Detroit	8-3	.727	11
Washington	7-4	.636	11
Baltimore	6-5	.545	11
Los Angeles	5-6	.455	11

RUNS PRODUCED

Team	W-L	Win %	Games
Chicago	10-1	.909	11
New York	9-2	.818	11
Detroit	8-3	.727	11
Washington	7-4	.636	11
Baltimore	6-5	.545	11
Los Angeles	5-6	.455	11

THE HEROES

Team	W-L	Win %	Games
Chicago	10-1	.909	11
New York	9-2	.818	11
Detroit	8-3	.727	11
Washington	7-4	.636	11
Baltimore	6-5	.545	11
Los Angeles	5-6	.455	11

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Fast, comfortable air travel today makes it possible for you to visit the exciting vacation spots and famous places you've always dreamed about—even on a short vacation. And, wherever you want to go, the speed of modern airliners gives you more time to spend at your destination. Airline schedules are

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COMING EVENTS

AUG. 30-SEPT. 8

■ TV ■ CABLE TV ■ NETWORK RADIO
All times E.D.T., except where otherwise noted

FRIDAY, AUGUST 30

Baseball

- Chicago Cubs vs. St. Louis Cardinals, Chicago, 7:25 p.m. (WGN)

Hockey

- Pittsburgh Penguins vs. New York Islanders, Madison Square Garden, 7:30 p.m. (MSG)

Boxing

- Dezmon Byrd vs. Johnny Davis, lightweights, H. St. Louis, 10 p.m. (NBC)

Football

- Pro Bowl, Honolulu

Golf

- Marathon, G.W. Sen., \$20,000, Westchester, Conn., through Sept. 21

Hockey

- Pratt vs. Islanders, Grand Slam on U.S., Minneapolis, through Aug. 21

Hockey

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Hockey

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 31

Air Racing

- Grand Circuit Midwest Airplane Racing, Ford Motors, Ill. through Sept. 2

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COMING EVENTS

(continued)

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 5

Aire Racing

2:15 P.M. at National Championship Race Outpost 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

Baseball

Chicago Cubs vs. Milwaukee Braves. Chicago 1:30 p.m. (NBC)

Racing

1:30 P.M. at Fairbury Race, Fairbury, Neb. (NBC)

Racing

2:00 P.M. at Fairbury Race, Fairbury, Neb. (NBC)

Racing

2:30 P.M. at Fairbury Race, Fairbury, Neb. (NBC)

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3:00 P.M. at Fairbury Race, Fairbury, Neb. (NBC)

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3:30 P.M. at Fairbury Race, Fairbury, Neb. (NBC)

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4:00 P.M. at Fairbury Race, Fairbury, Neb. (NBC)

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4:30 P.M. at Fairbury Race, Fairbury, Neb. (NBC)

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5:00 P.M. at Fairbury Race, Fairbury, Neb. (NBC)

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6:00 P.M. at Fairbury Race, Fairbury, Neb. (NBC)

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6:30 P.M. at Fairbury Race, Fairbury, Neb. (NBC)

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7:00 P.M. at Fairbury Race, Fairbury, Neb. (NBC)

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7:30 P.M. at Fairbury Race, Fairbury, Neb. (NBC)

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8:00 P.M. at Fairbury Race, Fairbury, Neb. (NBC)

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8:30 P.M. at Fairbury Race, Fairbury, Neb. (NBC)

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9:00 P.M. at Fairbury Race, Fairbury, Neb. (NBC)

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9:30 P.M. at Fairbury Race, Fairbury, Neb. (NBC)

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10:00 P.M. at Fairbury Race, Fairbury, Neb. (NBC)

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10:30 P.M. at Fairbury Race, Fairbury, Neb. (NBC)

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11:00 P.M. at Fairbury Race, Fairbury, Neb. (NBC)

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11:30 P.M. at Fairbury Race, Fairbury, Neb. (NBC)

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12:00 A.M. at Fairbury Race, Fairbury, Neb. (NBC)

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12:30 A.M. at Fairbury Race, Fairbury, Neb. (NBC)

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5:30 A.M. at Fairbury Race, Fairbury, Neb. (NBC)

Racing

6:00 A.M. at Fairbury Race, Fairbury, Neb. (NBC)

NEW ROYAL TRITON



Announcing a new formulation of Royal Triton 10-30 the amazing purple motor oil

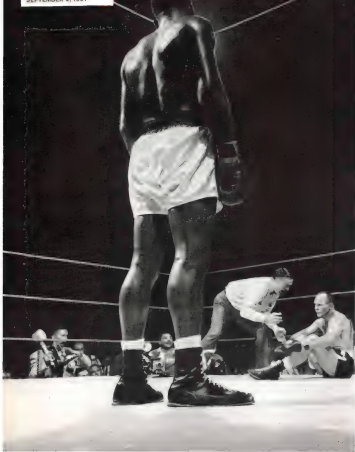
Now more than ever before all-weather Royal Triton 10-30 prolongs your engine's trouble-free performance for thousands of extra miles. Royal Triton 10-30, the all-weather grade of the amazing purple motor oils. Ask for it whenever fine motor oils are sold.

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Philadelphia 10, One Wilmington Bldg., Wynnewood, Pa. • Boston 218 Harvard Ave. • New Orleans 940 Poydras Bank of Commerce Bldg. • Atlanta 1401 Peachtree St.

**SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED**

SEPTEMBER 2, 1957



...AND THE VEEP SAT DOWN

But before he did, Vice-President Rademacher, of Youth Unlimited, stayed nearly six rounds with Heavyweight Champion Floyd Patterson

by MARTIN KANE

PETE RADEMACHER, the amateur boxer brazenly aspiring to Floyd Patterson's heavyweight title, came into the ring at Sick's Stadium in Seattle looking like Willard before Toledo. Five rounds and a fraction later he was rolling on the canvas for the seventh time, a helpless bulk but a hero nonetheless. He was groggy and reeling as deputy sheriffs all but carried him to his dressing room, but he had a sense of unprecedented achievement to bear him up, too. And 24 minutes after that he was once again the man in the gray flannel boxing trunks, serenely poised and issuing concise, precisely phrased statements to a somewhat embarrassed press, most of which had predicted he would last no more than a round or two, some of which had demanded bitterly that the fight be banned.

But Pete Rademacher, though badly beaten, seven times on the canvas and the seventh time knocked out, was still a hero. He had in some degree justified a preposterous fight, not because he ever had more than a minimal chance to win it, but because he had

given a full measure of courage, some measure of quite unexpected ability and a large measure of devotion to an ideal. He enjoyed boxing ("I discovered minute of the fight") and takes defeat with grace. He believes that the fighter's essential qualities, courage and skill, can be an inspiration to the young.

The young who saw Pete Rademacher, Olympic heavyweight champion, take on Floyd Patterson, world's professional champion, must surely have been inspired. Some were even inspired to climb over the fence to see him fight. This rank amateur, fighting for the first time in a professional ring, fighting for the first time for more than three two-minute rounds, succeeded in knocking down, by official account, the heavyweight champion of the world and actually outfought him in the first two rounds. What it added up to, in the end, was a moral victory for Rademacher and for Youth Unlimited, that strange organization of which he is a vice-president and for which he fought on salary. Youth Unlimited (SI, Aug. 19) has won itself a place in the sporting sun and in one night has acquired a nationally known executive.

The fight had its mysterious moments, some of which were explained in

continued

THE VEEP contemplates his position after Patterson's right has dropped him, an innocent amateur, for a second time in the fifth round. He was down seven times in all.

VEEP DOWN

continued

dressing more postures. The pattern was simple, however. Rademacher attacked early, was winded early and succumbed in time to a succession of knockdowns. "Each time it was a little harder to get up," he recalled.

One mystery was that during the first two rounds Patterson threw little more than a dozen punches and missed often, while Rademacher was landing with awkward hooks and rights. Awkward indeed, Patterson said later, but made effective by their very clumsiness. "He is a sneaky puncher," the champion explained. "You don't know when to expect a punch." That did not explain why Patterson refused to return the fire. "It was the strategy of my fight," Patterson said. "I wanted him to get tired in the early rounds so I could open him up later."

That, of course, is what happened. Rademacher was clearly tired by the third round, though he insists that he got his second wind in the fourth. He had shown this tendency to tire in training, when he would puff badly after a few rounds of sparring. Basing's amateurs start their professional careers with four-round bouts.

Another mystery was the so-called second-round knockdown of Patterson, which gave Rademacher four seconds of glory. To many ringsters, including this one, it appeared that Patterson

slipped after taking a right to the head. Certainly he did not take his sudden fall too seriously. On the canvas the champion's face wore an embarrassed, quizzical grin. Referee Tommy Laughlin, former light heavyweight champion, did not start a count, though the timekeeper reached four. But Patterson insisted he really was knocked down, and Laughlin insisted he had regarded it as a knockdown.

STILL ANOTHER MYSTERY

Then there was the third-round mystery when, fighting at close quarters, Patterson stung Rademacher with a left uppercut. Rademacher sagged and Patterson slipped a left arm around his waist and held him up, sequestered even to Ed Mins. There were two explanations of this, one by Patterson and one by Gus D'Amato, his manager.

"I could have pushed him down," Patterson said, "but that would have been dirty fighting. It was better to hold him up." D'Amato, on the other hand, said Patterson's move was a precautionary one.

"I had told him that this fellow was a very sneaky puncher who could pretend to be hurt and then throw a hard right," D'Amato said. "He didn't want to be hit with the right so he moved in and clinched." It looked like much more than a clinch.

In that third round Rademacher suffered the first of seven knockdowns. There was no mystery to that. He just

missed with a couple of wild swings and was caught with a right to the head. He took a nine-count on his knees, wisely saving himself.

He seared with a hard right to the head and two good rights to the body in the fourth round when, as he relates it, he began to get back in command. By this time, though, Patterson was beginning to look like his fighting self, retaliating powerfully when stung and putting his punches together. He was hitting harder and sharper. Even a jab caused Rademacher to grimace, and a Patterson left that landed under the heart undoubtedly took steam out of the amateur challenger. Such a heart punch, Tommy Laughlin had been saying at lunch before the fight, is not fully felt until the following round. And in the following round Rademacher was knocked down four times.

Every one of the seven knockdown punches in the fight was a right to the head. Rademacher thoughtfully took a nine-count each time. On the second fourth-round knockdown he sat with knees drawn up, staring at the timekeeper, a look of self-disgust on his face. He took the third knockdown count on one knee. The fourth was caused by a right to the back of the head, delivered as he spun away to escape Patterson's mounting fury. At the end of the round Rademacher was backed into a corner trying to dodge a barrage that came from all directions.

continued on page 84



A LONG LEFT JAB contests Champion Patterson's face as he attempts to move into close quarters with Challenger Rademacher. Some afterward, the creep was boxed again.



YOUR UNLIMITED press! Mike Jensen, grips Miss Pat Rademacher's hand.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

BASEBALL: THE ODDITIES OF AUGUST • MR. KEEGAN GOES

THROUGH WASHINGTON • GETTING TO KNOW LAKE ERIE • THE

POPE SOCIAL STRUCTURE • FIVE NEW RECORDS AT BONNEVILLE

BASEBALL IN THE STRETCH

REDLEG FANS hanged Manager Birdie Tebbets in effigy from a trestle at Granville Road and Delta Avenue in Cincinnati to celebrate their team's loss of six straight. "If I'd been there," said Birdie glumly, on getting the news, "I'd have helped them." The Chicago White Sox's ailing Bob Keegan startled everyone in Comiskey Park, not excluding himself, by pitching (see below) the season's first no-hit game.

The 1957 baseball races had a rich peppery flavor of their own as August drew to a close and the teams came lumbering into the home stretch; but if tempers were rising and nerves fraying, according to traditional pattern, the teams were not exactly jostling shoulder to shoulder as they left the final turn. The National League contest, which had been so nerve-rackingly close for so long, now seemed reasonably predictable—at least the gamblers thought so, for you could get 7 to 1 last week if you were willing to bet against Milwaukee. A bet against the Yankees, at a time when their lead was approximately the same as Milwaukee's, was priced at 10 to 1. The most exciting competition was going on further down the line: between Boston and Detroit for third in the American League and St. Louis-Brooklyn for second in the National League. And August might yet be remembered best for an individual war—timeless Ted Williams' stirring struggle (.378 and 31 home runs) with Mickey Mantle (.376 and 32 home runs) for supremacy at the plate.

In a larger sense, the most provocative development of the month—perhaps the most provocative development in many years—was major league baseball's invasion of the Far West (see page 54). When the New York Giants definitely decided to go to

San Francisco, the shape of baseball changed overnight; the Giants all but scuttled the Pacific Coast League by their decision and left a vacuum which made further extension of big league baseball the speculative talk, not only of Los Angeles, but of such thriving metropolises as Seattle and Portland. Back East, Mayor Philip I. Buft of Indianapolis invited the Washington Senators to move to the "boom city of the Midwest," and it was hard not to wonder if there were going to be enough big league teams to go around.

The mood of innovation seeped to the dugout level too: Paul Richards, manager of the Baltimore Orioles, was teaching two of his pitchers, Right-hander George Zverink and Lefty Ken Lehman, to play first base. He had, he believed, an answer to the platoon system, for by alternating them between the mound and first he could keep both in the game for nine innings and juggle them back and forth at will.

August, in fact, was a month in which anything was beginning to seem possible. When an 88-pound Mexican boy named Angel Macias won the Little League World Series for Monterrey by pitching a perfect game at Williamsport, Pa. (thereby prompting the president of Mexico to invite the whole team to the national palace), a wonderful runner swept Pittsburgh—that the eighth-place Pirates had immediately offered him a \$50,000 bonus. Angel is 12 years old.

NIGHT'S WORK

ROBERT CHARLES KEEGAN is a 36-year-old Chicagoan who is sometimes called upon to work afternoons and other times, on only fairly short notice, nights. In some people this might lead to mild occupational tension, but as a Major league pitcher Bob Keegan has come to take the

continued

CURRENT WEEK AND WHAT'S AHEAD

• Call of the Wild

Because of their "dudly effectiveness" in calling ducks and geese, the Department of Interior banned electronic bird-calling devices (mostly well-amplified recordings of the sounds birds make while eating) for the coming hunting season. Penalty for their use: \$500 or six months in jail or both.

• Post of the West

Although Pete Rademacher may not accept the IBC's offer to fight in Madison Square Garden ("I kind of lean away from them"), promoter Jack Harley, Seattle's leading prize post, thinks Pete's boxing future could be bright. Says Harley: "He's as confident as Einstein doing long division."

• Hoops in the Isles

The British, after a long period of austerity in their annual track meets with Russia, think they are prospering ahead. They lost the meet again last week, but by only 38 points. Britons dominated the running events and even did surprisingly well in the field. "At the European championships next August," said one expert, "Britain is going to be the longest there in Russia's side."

• Bad vs. the Bag

Bad Wilderson, the football coach who thinks of everything, brooding about the havoc Asian flu could wreak on a football team, has arranged to have his Oklahoma squad inoculated any day now.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued

uncertainty, for granted. It was from the Chicago papers, one day last week, that he learned that either he or Jack Harshman would pitch for the White Sox the following night.

"I didn't know whether I was pitching or not," says Keegan. "But I went through my pitching-day routine anyway. To bed early—before midnight—and up late."

He rose about 10:30, ate a good breakfast of ham and eggs, read the morning papers, watched a soap opera on television, dipped into a paperback novel called *The Horseman*. After lunch he tried to take an hour's nap, but after 15 minutes his neighbor's building came in and bounced on him, so he didn't get the rest he scheduled. He called for a doctor, but the doctor called for him. "But I felt good," Keegan says. "I felt good all day."

It wasn't until late afternoon, at the ball park, that Keegan learned that he, and not Harshman, would pitch the second game of the 19-night double-header against the Senators. Warm up with Coach Ray Berres, he has the pitcher's not infrequent pregame feeling that he "had nothing."

"My motion was bad. I was rushing it and I didn't have a good follow-through. Berres was disgusted with me. He didn't say anything, but he made faces that expressed the view."

Run by the eighth inning everybody in Comiskey Park knew that Bob Keegan was on his way to a no-hitter. Keegan knew it too, he could see the scoreboard (Senators: 0 hits) as well as anybody else. He had disposed of 19 batters, given only two walks. In the eighth, Second Baseman Nellie Fox made a one-handed stop of a hard ground ball, and the crowd sighed.

"I was very relaxed at the start of the ninth," Keegan says. "I knew we had a no-run lead and that we'd win the game even if I didn't get the no-hitter." Pitcher Hitter Jim Lemon led off the inning and grounded out on the first pitch, a low slider. Another pinch hitter, Julio Beagle, came up.

"He's supposed to be a line-ball, first-ball hitter, so I knew I had to keep the ball up and that I had to get it in a good spot," Beagle batted off the first two pitches, took two balls and struck out on a changeup.

Eddie Yost stepped up, and Keegan remembers, "Something in the back of my mind told me I was going to get him out. I remember I hit him into a double play in the sixth on a fast ball, so I gave him one, a little high because

I think he likes them down a little. Then I gave him the slider." Yost swung and hit a foul pop up near the stands, and the White Sox first baseman squeezed it in his big glove. At 58, Bob Keegan is fit, 6 foot for the season, and pitched the only no-hitter in the majors this year.

Back home after midnight, Keegan sat up for a while with his wife Lois over sandwiches and milk.

BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE

PURSUING into Lake Erie at Sandusky, Ohio on a recent Saturday morning, Dr. Harry Briggs saw north winds, a bright and all the next morning, and finally sailed to shore late Sunday afternoon, at Port Pelee, Canada. He had covered 38 miles at 41 knots—20 minutes, which is not fast time. "Someone else ran the speed record," he says. "I just wanted to get across."

Dr. Briggs is not a physician but a Ph.D. who teaches history at the University of Alaska in Anchorage, a compact, blue-eyed, crew-cut man of 36. He was more for the adventure of it than anything else, and the experiment ran money, but didn't make him any. The attendants in the house which accompanied him were sailors and marines—Briggs is a lieutenant in the Marine Corps Reserve—and the Johnson outboard motor company supplied five motors for use on the guide boats.

One problem for distance swimmers, unsuspected by outsiders, is what to think about as they swim. "I arranged



for the people in the guide boat to give me a signal every 15 minutes, meaning that I should change strokes from one side to the other. I figured I would make the trip in 30 hours and so would see this signal 120 times. I decided to keep track—see down and 115 to go, two down and 110 to go and so on to the end. And I did keep track as far as 38 down and 10 to go. Then my right arm went bad and I could swim only on my left side, and there was no more need for signals.

"I also occupied my mind by working out simple mathematical problems, and all the way across I kept reminding myself: when you get near the shore you must remember to ask for your swim trunks and put them on." Distance swimmers usually wear

no trunks, chiefly because even the slight constriction of the waistband may help to bring on cramps.

"In all those 38 miles I came across only two objects in the water: a fish net anchored to the bottom 300 yards off Kelley's Island and a very dead fish which I could smell for five minutes before I got to it."

"Every hour I took some nourishment. I drank a lot of tangerine juice with a little added and once, treading water, I ate a Clark bar. I needed something hot, and for that I had one of the Gether lady foods—strained chicken, mixed with something to make it a liquid so I could drink it from a coke bottle. It helped a lot."

"After about three hours, the water began to affect your eyes and your vision gets cloudy. I vision map, n.g. goggles after the first 20 minutes because they helped. Toward the end, I couldn't see the small boat beside me and had to guide myself by the big cruiser where they had the poles. The bigger vision didn't worry me; it has happened before on other long swims. It clears up in a day or so."

"Once, early Sunday morning, they let me pad alongside the boat up ahead, and for the psychological bit. It's tough to keep swimming here after hour and never watch up."

"The next spot came near the end, naturally. I asked one of the marines, 'How far?' and he said, 'Four miles.' An hour later I asked another one, and he said, 'Four and a half miles.' That was a little hard on morale."

"I kept thinking of that cruiser, and the bank in the cabin, and getting into the bank and going to sleep. Also I imagined myself climbing out on the bank and beginning to cry because it was finally over, and the idea was so real that I began to cry right there in the water, with miles yet to swim."

"When the horn on the cruiser began to blow, and blow, and blow, I was in a kind of delirium, but I heard it, and knew that we were nearly there and that I was going to make it. Then my foot touched the bottom, and I remembered to ask for my swim trunks and put them on. My overnight was just about gone by that time. I couldn't see the people on the bank as I swam out. But I heard them cheering."

PONY PRICES

THE 825-POUND CART on which little boys and saddle-hunt and little girls in straw hats with long reins are used to ride down country

continued



"Where's Mr. Stankov's office?"

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued

lanes—is a thing of the past. Sallee suits and fringe-trimmed hats are hard to find nowadays, and country lanes themselves are getting scarcer; and the \$25 pony that used to draw the cart cannot be found at all. What you can find, though it sounds improbable, is a single Shetland pony which sold, not long ago, for \$25,000. It was the highest price ever paid in the history of the breed.

The pony's name is C-Jo's Topper. He is a 5-year-old sorrel stallion, with a white mane and tail, and he stands 41 inches high. He is not, of course, the stocky, self-named kind of Shetland pony that makes a fine children's pet. He is a show pony, as delicately made as any Thoroughbred or Arabian horse, and he steps high in fancy harness, drawing a little buggy around a show ring. That is, he did, from the time he was six months old until quite recently, and over the years he acquired a vast collection of honors: 30 top awards, including five grand championships at various shows, the national grand champion of 1954 and 28 blue ribbons for solo performances. Because of his show record and his top-flight pedigree, Topper's stud fee is \$1,000, and his stud book is full through July 1958.

The sale at which Topper brought his record price took place at an auction in Perry, Okla., on a day when the temperature reached 107°. A five-man syndicate (four Louisianans, one Georgian) did the buying and were glad to get Topper at the price; they were prepared to pay more. Four of the members paid their shares over to the fifth, who then made out a single check for \$25,000. Topper's former owners, Mr. and Mrs. Clifton C. Tongue of Sherman, Texas, wanted it that way. They felt, reasonably enough, that a photographic copy of the check would make a nice memento.

But what about the stocky, amiable children's pony, Topper's more misanthropic and bossy cousin? Well, there are more of these around than ever before, and the demand for them is steady. (Pony prices used to drop off in the winter, when pony owners' commissions shut down and sold off their animals, but they don't any more.) The suburban market is booming. So is the giveaway market: parties make good prizes for children's contests and television shows. They don't cost much, yet parents accept them happily as prestige stunts and children's entertain-

ment as *dreams-come-true*. Prices range from \$250 to \$300, and accessories with wicker bodies are available at \$275. This is, admittedly, a considerable advance beyond the prices of 1902. But one thing hasn't changed at all over the years: maintainers. A handful of cats still goes a long way with a pony. Give him plenty of hay and water, and he lives happily on next to nothing, just as he did in the time of Queen Victoria.

ROLLING STONE

STEFANO Moss, England's leading sports-car driver, is a cool sort of fellow and a very competent man at the wheel of a headlight-fast automobile—a fittingly apt name, to boot. He lost the all-but-inimitable Juan Manuel Fangio of Argentina in Italy's Grand Prix of Pescara. He is 25 years old but seems older, partly because he is bald and partly because he has a scar on his forehead when one meets him it is impossible to be surprised by the fact that he drifted into racing only after failing to satisfy earlier ambitions to become 1) a dentist and 2) a hotel manager. Also, Moss is a small man—he stands only 5 feet 7. This combination of size and temperament brought him from Europe to do a job of work last week at Utah's white, smooth Bonneville Salt Flats.

A curious, hopped-up version of the English MG sports car—a machine especially tailored to fit his body—awaited him. The car was shaped like a tear and painted light blue; it stood only three feet off the ground, its power plant was placed aerodynamically in front of it, beneath a Plexiglas bubble, was just space enough to allow Moss to recline almost supine, like a man on a

chaise longue, and drive. The car had only one brake, a single disc mounted inboard to apply pressure on the rear wheels; a body flap was built to open and supply it with cooling air when applied. The supercharged and "modified" engine built around a little four-cylinder MG block and cooled by two radiators was formidable indeed; the tiny car's gear-shifting speeds: 39 miles an hour for first to second, 100 for second to third, 159 from third to top.

The MG factory had built the "Experimental 161" to break the world Class F record for the flying mile, 200.11 miles an hour, set by an earlier MG. Moss set out for Utah, only minutes after his dramatic victory over Fangio, as polematically as a plumber leaving to install a new type of dishwasher in a model kitchen. He made a four-hour drive to Rome, got a plane for London at 4 o'clock in the morning, duly arrived, went to his office, spent the day, involved in paper work, caught a transatlantic plane, went soundly to sleep and—after various plane changes—arrived at Utah at 10 the next night. He went to bed and to sleep, again, hopped out at 5 and reported briskly for work.

Delays ensued—the gleaming salt was moist from rain, and three days finally elapsed before the test was made. Moss was unperturbed. He has, he says, never been nervous before a race. "I would worry only if a failure plopped down on the bumper before the race. You see, I'm very superstitious." He seemed absolutely uninterested in the condition of the hot little car. "My job is to drive. I really know very little about what the others are doing."

He drove up and down the 10-mile course a few times to get the feel of the car and then, at 6:30 in the evening, went yodling off toward the measured mile in earnest. The car refused to stay in third gear; he matter-of-factly shifted from second to high and pressed on. In a half hour he was back with five new records: 235.64 mph for one kilometer, 245.11 for the flying mile, 243.46 for five kilometers, 243.83 for five miles, 224.70 for 10 kilometers.

He was delighted when he heard the official time, largely because he had been guessing his speed while driving. "I knew I was going roughly 240 miles an hour," he said. "I've never gone nearly so fast before but that's what it seemed like to me. I wasn't far off, was I?" He climbed out, methodically set himself to the task of packing his bags and then headed west again. He had more business in Europe.



SONG OF THE ROAD

Carol rode on my motorcycle—
She rode in back of me—
I hit a bump at 45
And rode on Carelessly.

—JAMES R. NEWMITT

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always virgin wool



SPECTACLE

Photographed by Toni Frissell

THE RIVER

From Lake Ontario to the ocean, the St. Lawrence is 2,000 miles of island-splattered water. Just east of Ontario is a cluster of islands with such names as Whiskey, Rum, Pappoose and Water.

To the dozen families who have vacationed here for 75 years, this is The River. Each summer the Pleasure Crafters come from Paris to Whiskey Island (and sometimes leave it, below, for tennis at Rum Point).

The Cleveland Dodges came from New York, the John Morgans from Minnesota, the James Whites from Boston, the Rolling Hazells from Virginia. They find a paradise of fishing, picnicking, and sailing—an idyl shown for the first time on these pages





*P*art of each day at The River is waterbarn.

Mrs. Carter is ferried to Watch by her grandson

David Boyer (far left). Ann Carter motors

past rudderless, mahogany St. Lawrence skiffs

which are sailed by shifting weight. Bolling

Hazell drifts between islands, trolling

for bass. And in the Papoose bathhouse

Buxey Smith and two young MacLeans

besit the minnow net with bread crumbs





Sunday at Rum Point is a time of family lunches—alfresco at the Whites; a time for inter-island baseball, played by three generations and managed by Mrs. Cleveland Dodge. At bat: Bernard Carter. On the beach: a youngster inspecting a caterpillar



ALTHEA

Gibson, a shy and awkward

girl who had to fight herself as often as a hostile world,

this week will try for her first National Singles title at Forest Hills.

Here is a warm glimpse of her by an old friend

by SARAH PALFREY

WIMBLEDON was behind her, and the great victory which finally marked her as champion. Now Althea Gibson (opposite) was at Sewickley, Pa. for the Wightman Cup matches played there a fortnight ago. I had come with her to see her perform. Of all the girls I have seen on past Wightman Cup teams, none was ever more proud to be elected than Althea was this year. When she tried on her white blazer for the first time before the matches at Sewickley, her expression and her manner verged on exultation. She stood quietly looking in the mirror of Margaret Dupont's room, turning slowly around to see herself from all sides. Finally she said, "I don't want to seem fuzzy, but don't you all think the sleeves are too short?" And then, apologetically, "You see, this is the first one of them I've ever had and I want it to be just right. I am so thrilled to be a representative of America in these matches."

Two days later, in the late afternoon following her final match with Christine Truman, we headed out onto the Pennsylvania Turnpike for an all-night drive home. In that long ride, with Althea in the back seat of my station wagon occasionally sleeping, occasionally waking, I learned more about this quiet, withdrawn girl than I had ever known before.

We had an adventure, to begin with. We hadn't been rolling along the turnpike for an hour when suddenly traffic began to slow down, with cars in both lanes pulling off to one side. The next thing I knew, Althea said, "Look, someone's in trouble." I looked, but couldn't see anything. Then I noticed she was looking up—and there was a small plane, lights blinking, wobbling from side to side as its pilot tried to find a landing space on the crowded highway. "Come on, Sarah," Althea said. "Let's get out of the car. Then at least we can duck if we have to." We got out on the double.

It was none too soon. Down the plane came, missing us by only a few yards. "Phew!" I said. "That was close!" "Well," replied Althea, "I'm glad he made it. The Lord was with him."

A little later we stopped for dinner. I couldn't eat, but Althea downed a sturdy steak sandwich and apple pie à la mode. Afterward we talked for a while, about anything and everything. About marriage: "I'd like to get married, if I could have a career too. I think this is possible if the man is understanding and if the girl doesn't get swell-headed like some movie stars who start believing their own

press reports." About careers: "I think I should get an apartment for myself in New York next year, study singing, maybe write a book. Let's face it: I've gotta make good while the iron's hot." About pro tennis: "It seems to me I can do the things I want to, like singing and writing, without turning pro. Anyway, I haven't been asked. Honestly not. And I think it's gonna take Jack Kramer quite a while to pay off that \$125,000 to Lew Hoad. And from what I understand, women professionals never have done well on tours compared to the men."

She slept for a while, then awoke when I stopped to refuel. "Don't you want me to drive?" she asked. "No, really not," I replied. "I'm all pepped up by that airplane landing and can't sleep anyway." She settled herself and went back to sleep again. Once she awoke, smiling, and said: "You know, I had a dream just now about Dr. Eaton, the guy who took such good care of me down in South Carolina when I was a kid." "Was it a happy dream?" I asked. "It was a wonderful dream," she replied. "I was at his home again and swimming in a pool. Funny, isn't it?" she was asleep again in five minutes.

Early in the morning she awoke again, and we talked some more. We discussed tennis players ("You have to be a nice person to be a tennis player," Althea said, "or you don't amount to much. It brings out your good qualities"). We discussed junior tennis hopefuls, we discussed juvenile delinquency ("I'm worried about that," she said. "It seems to be getting worse instead of better"). We discussed books, Althea asking me about mine. Toward the end, she said:

"You know, I've often wondered what would have become of me if I wasn't a tennis player. I guess a lot of life is luck." She paused and thought a while. "But not just luck, either," she went on. "You've gotta be ready for something, too. When you're ready for something, it happens. You just know it in your own mind."

"Are you ready for the Nationals?" I asked her.

"Sure," said Althea. "I'm not afraid of any of the players there."

"I was hoping you would say that," I put in.

"What I mean is," Althea Gibson finished her thought, "if I play my right game the way I should, then I feel I can beat anybody. But I certainly don't want to be overconfident, because if I play badly, I can easily be beaten by some black sheep. But I don't think I will be."

TURN PAGE FOR MORE STARS IN COLOR, A TENNIS ANALYSIS, AND THE FOOTLOOSE SPORTSMAN



KAREN FADDEEN, Miami, 22, 1964, former model, ranked eighth, calls herself "Golden Goddess," contributes high fashion and glamour.



SHEREE BRUNNER, London, 22, above, small, attractive blonde, tireless retriever, lacks big game, but can beat the best on any given day.

DARLENE HARR, Montebello, Calif., 21, right, Wimbledon finalist, a vibrant personality who is often erratic, made great progress this year.



A YEAR FOR THE NEWCOMERS

by WILLIAM F. TALBERT

For the young men and women in white who tour the eastern grass circuit, July and August are busy and exciting months. Life is gay and tennis sometimes is secondary at such care-free spots as the Merion Cricket Club, Southampton, South Orange, Newport and Rye. Players hobnob with the smart set and are often lulled by an evening of high links. But the players are always seriously pointing and planning in one direction—that is, toward the U.S. National singles championships at Forest Hills, the season's climax which begins on the Labor Day weekend.

When the action begins on the smooth green lawns of the historic West Side Tennis Club, the mood suddenly changes. Gaiety is replaced by determination. Party hostesses find it almost impossible to have a big name star. Curfews are self-imposed. Tennis players become serious for the moment—conscious that this is their opportunity for national recognition.

Champions come and go in an unending parade—the Tildens, Budges, Kramers, Connollys, and Willies—but even when they go the big racket-swinging show at Forest Hills never loses its luster. Fans still pour into the concrete horseshoe stadium. They earn the wooden grandstand and lean over the wire fences of the field courts. They're always looking for another Budge, a new crew-cut Kramer or a new Connolly in pigtails.

The 76th National championships will generate this same self-winding rousings among the faithful, largely because of fresh interest in the women's division. There is one very understandable reason for it: Althea Gibson, the tall Negro girl from Harlem who has diligently labored to the apex of women's tennis. Can Althea add the U.S. championship to the crown she won in July at Wimbledon and thus

stake a claim to true superiority in her time? Few doubt she can, and will.

Since winning Wimbledon, Althea has gained in confidence and poise. She has added the National Clay Courts title at Chicago and figured in three of America's points in a 6-1 victory over Britain's best in the Wightman Cup matches at Sewickley, Pa. Her forceful game—now charged with this new confidence—has reached the point where she seems to win almost without trying. Apparently there is no female player who can press her.

ALL THIS BUT BETTER

Twice she has gone against Britain's amazing 16-year-old Christine Truman—in the Wimbledon semifinals and in the Wightman Cup—and each time she has won in a breeze. England's best player, Shirley Bloomer, has proved no match for her. Darlene Hard, the beauty blonde from Montebello, Calif., has a stinging, manlike service and she's not afraid to go to the net; but Althea can do these things better. Dorothy Head Knode of Forest Hills is a steady baseliner but her game, good enough to beat almost any other woman in the world, cracks under Althea's stabbing attack.

The women's cast will be interesting largely because of this 30-year-old product of New York. Yet there will be others worth watching. Blonde and classic Louise Brough, winner of four Wimbledon Championships, heads the veterans' list. Those who enjoy a bit of Hollywood glamour with their sports may drink in Karol Fagoras, the Miami girl who is up for a movie contract. There's interest in Miriam (Mimi) Arnold, the 18-year-old, 5-foot-1 back-court prodigess from Redwood City, Calif. Britain's brilliant teen-ager, Christine Truman, Southpaw Ann Haydon and Sheikh Armstrong, will be watched with an eye to the future.

The U.S.'s brightest newcomer among the women is Karen Hantze. She's just 14, but she has size and poise and strokes. Here may be the new Maureen Connolly. But for 1955 at least, it's Althea's year.

Without a front line favorite, the men's competition resembles nothing so much as a consolation contest among those seeking the title that Ken Rosewall won and Lew Hoad defeated when each turned pro. Here will be seen the Australians who will soon be seeking to defend the Davis Cup now that Hoad and Rosewall are gone.

These Australians have suffered a series of calamities since Wimbledon, where they grabbed three of the four semifinal spots. They were shut out of the semifinals at South Orange, N.J., and the victor there was semiretired Dick Savitt, who looked like the best amateur in the world at the moment as he polished off Ham Richardson and the veteran Vic Seixas on successive days. The Aussies also fared poorly at Newport, where the top-seeded Cooper was beaten by a little-known Yale player, Don Dell; and Nicola Pietrangeli by Britain's Mike Davies.

Cliff Sproule, Australia's new team manager replacing Harry Hopman, hopes to get his athletes back into the groove at Forest Hills. The Australians are loaded with talent, from Cooper and Fraser down to Queenslanders Mal Anderson and Roy Emerson, but they still haven't a big player to compare with Hoad or Rosewall.

Other internationalists expected to be on hand are Wimbledon semifinalist Sven Davidson of Sweden; match-fodder Dane Kurt Nielsen, winner of the U.S. Indoor title; Luis Ayala of Chile, who beat Ham Richardson at Wimbledon; Ramanathan Krishnan, the stouthearted Indian; Davies and Robert Wilson of England; Kossi

continued

TENNIS PREVIEW

continued

Kanno of Japan and Ivo Prizmic of Yugoslavia. None of these is up to him, but all will add to the excitement and testing qualities of the tournament.

Savitt, the stoop-shouldered old man who covers the court like a big bear and has one of the best backcourt games in the world, probably is the player to beat for the U.S. title—unless he finds his work ties him to his Park Avenue office. Seemingly so completely conditioned and determined, a man who gets more out of his game than any other and is always a threat, Richardson, whose progress has been slowed by his studies at a Rhodes scholar at Oxford, overlapping into prime shape. The American in Paris, Bridge Patty, will show his talents to the home folks for the first time in five years. Experience and court savvy may bring these campaigners through, but because they all have their future behind them most attention will be focused on the game's new crop.

Who is the boy who is to rescue American-sounding tennis prestige and bring it back to its once dominant position? Any day now such a personality will explode out of the green at Forest Hills' turf, and all are hoping this may be the year.

It may be Mike Green. The 17-year-old youth from Miami, now 20, reminds me a lot of Jack Kramer at the same stage. He has a fine game, but he has been erratic and unsure of himself.



THREE AUSTRALIANS who are expected to fill the Davis Cup vacancy created when Ken Rosewall and Les Hoad turned pro in 1966: (left) Neale Fraser (above), Ashley Cooper, 1967 Australian champion and Wimbledon finalist (above), and Ian MacAllister.



He found his game at Newport, losing Ray Kinsman to Australia's ace Dan Dell, the conqueror of Cooper, to gain the semifinals where he lost to Miles Davies, Britain's No. 1 player.

It may be Ronald Holmberg of Brooklyn. This towering youngster with shaven hair has all the big-swing and grace. He has the size and he has the power. And he has exceptional court sense. But he moves slowly and seems to have failed to catch fire. At Newport last month he played brilliantly, however, winning the first two sets from eventual winner Mike Davies before bowing.

It may be 17-year-old Earl Bartholomew. Here is another teenager with great potential—two-handed, Vaseline arms, particularly a Greek-Melrose 10, who reminds me of Rosewall at the same age, and Chris Chalkfield, 18, who is loaded with strokes but must learn to hit them in.

When the young tennis men of America are measured tomorrow there is inevitably the large question: they haven't any bad losses. I'd like to see another answer at Forest Hills this year, and it would go something like this: they beat me-and-so. Little about the positive.

FORECAST: A COMING CHAMPION



BARTHOLMEW WILL PLAY IN FIRST NATIONALS

Once in a decade a young tennis player will come along displaying all the signs of potential greatness. The market often is blind as if it were part of his body. He moves gracefully. He has a sure power and an outrageous swing called overarm. He is, in the backcourt, a specialist, a "natural." Sometimes such a youth fulfills this potential, as in the career of Jack Kramer. Other times, he fades from sight, his failure a mystery, as in the case of the very talented Frank Kovacs.

Such a player again has thrust himself upon the tennis world, and all who have seen him are impressed. The top teenager, Earl Bartholomew Jr. He is a rangy, freemoving, exuberant 17, who seems to have been made in all the right places. But the things he can do with a tennis racket are more beautiful than most promising youngsters. He is a regular.

Young Bartholomew is the son of a professional who works in the Triple-A Club in St. Louis. The older Earl threw a racket into his son's hand when the latter was old enough to stretch his feet, and started him

hitting tennis balls over the net. When Earl was 6 he entered his first tournament, and at 13 he was a champion.

The tennis world has been watching this 185-pound, 6-foot 3-inch string bean since he won the Orange Bowl championships for 11-year-olds in 1961, then boy and youth titles, refused to blow up at crucial moments. Earl has won 100-0-4 his career. His sound strokes would have warmed the heart of the late Bill Tilden, who always frowned the passing of the backcourt specialists and the extremes of tennis as a kid and lost the post-1945 era.

Although the son of a pro who has drilled him into a fitness machine big enough to walk, young Earl has not become bored with the repetitious motions that are made under similar circumstances. He knows how and it's obvious he keeps himself in the sport. He could play all day.

I feel I am not going overboard in forecasting a champion's future for Earl Bartholomew Jr. of St. Louis. He not only has a wonderful talent but he's hungry, and that's important. —W.J.T.

the footloose sportsman in

FOREST HILLS

by HORACE SUTTON

Spectators attending the West Side Tennis Club's annual convention at Forest Hills next week will be seated in what is roughly the middle of Queens, a quite civic-minded borough equipped with 440 civic organizations, 44 separate communities, 14 miles of beach and 1.8 million citizens, most of whom live at hyphenated addresses that frequently run into eight figures.

Largest of New York City's boroughs, Queens is shouldered by Brooklyn on one side and green Suburbia on the other. It is washed by the Atlantic on the south and looks, on the north, to the pasturelands of the East Bronx and the fashionable East Side of Manhattan, an island to which it nightly flashes neon-illuminated messages concerning Sunshine Biscuits, Pepsi-Cola, Pearl-Wick Hangers and other handicraft made by the natives.

The very first natives were, of course, the Indians, mostly of the Rockaway tribe, who called Long Island *Sauwakena*, another word for swamp. Moving over the river in one of the earliest migrations to the suburbs, Queens's next settlers set up abodes in one- and two-family houses that still stretch row upon endless row, one indistinguishable from the next under the soberest of circumstances. Later came the apartment houses, the latest of which is a vast complex of 12 glass buildings called Levitt Houses, built by Alfred Levitt at Whitestone, where the East River joins Long Island Sound. Here, for \$145 for a three-and-a-half-room apartment, Queens natives get a 30-foot terrace, a woody site, the right to join a country club that has an ivy-covered brick-mosaic clubhouse, a swimming pool, moorings for yachts, and a French restaurant within full view of the Breena across the bay.

Although all of Queens's 118 square miles is divided into addresses in which the street, the avenue and the location of the house on the block are inherent — 104-41 204 Street, Hollis, is a typical one — out-of-borough trippers who enter the unexplored precincts of Queens would rather have a try at cracking the

Japanese code than finding a home in, say, Jackson Heights.

On the other hand, no one en route from mid-Manhattan to the West Side Tennis Club's preserves at Forest Hills need spend more than a half hour at it, particularly if the tripper should sacrifice scenery in the interests of speed and take the subway.

HALF-TIMBERED AND WED

The stadium lies within the limits of a private retreat known as Forest Hills Gardens, a principality of brick roadways, gentle shade trees, seven apartment buildings, 875 homes and an ivied hotel, Forest Hills Gardens, which maintains its own sewers, owns its own streets and levies a tax on its residents, was an original project of the Russell Sage Foundation, which started it as a model community back in the early days of this century.

With its half-timbered houses and its Gothic-arch windows, the Gardens are meant to be a nook of England within sight of Manhattan, all patterned, as a spokesman says, after the Forest Hills of Britain. Englishmen, however, who are inclined to sniff at its architecture as "mock Tudor," are hard put to locate the original since there is a Forest Hill which is part of London, another in the Robin Hood country of Nottinghamshire, a third in Wiltshire and Forest Hill-with-Shooter, five miles from Oxford.

Despite their long origins, the Forest Hills Gardens Corporation, which took over from Russell Sage, retains the original rigid code that requires each house to be constructed of English architecture, to be covered with a red-tile roof pitched at 45°. No house owner may install a picture window or a shutter that doesn't shut, and the building of fences is discouraged.

One of the Gardens' planners voted back in 1911 that the greenwards "cannot be used for active noisy games of large boys, nor will they be open to loafers." However, large boys and loafers coming in their own cars will at least be able to park in Forest Hills Gardens,

since it is a practice for bicycle-riding youngsters of the area to make a deal with approaching motorists en route to the matches and then lead them to the family driveway where parking is available at anywhere from 50¢ to \$2.

Boys larger than 18 years of age may stake their thirst at the Forest Hills Inn, one block from the stadium, repairing either to the Tournament Grill, a basement grille with a beam-topped piano and photographs of old tennis players; or else at the oak-paneled Unicorn Lounge upstairs. A sidewalk cafe functions through the first days of September. Although four airlines use the place for their crews, the uncertainties of plane travel being what they are there is just no telling when Spencer Tracy, Ava Gardner or somebody will show up to while away a flight delay. Both airports are 20 minutes away.

But all Queens is not Forest Hills. A scant 10 minutes distant, in Richmond Hill, reposes the Triangle Hotel, a beery den featuring pickled lamb's tongue, imported wild boar and veal, fried, tartar or broiled. John's, one of the nation's most famous ice cream parlors, is just across the street. Under old stained-glass lamp shades that say "Monie" and "Coca-Cola," the brave can dispatch double-sized sodas served in vases; a "twoday," which is a soda with an extra ball of ice cream hanging like saddlebags on a pack mule on either side of a specially constructed glass; and "the kitchen sink," a 46 glut of ice cream covered with fruits, nuts, whipped cream and flames served in a silver container roughly the size of the Davis Cup.

Queens is the home of such resorts as Adelphi, Jamaica and that 10-mile-long Atlantic watering place collectively called the Rockaways. They were off and running at nearby Hempstead as early as 1885, in the words of a recorder of that day, "not so much for the divertimento of youth as for the bettering of the breed.")

The West Side Tennis Club has a somewhat similar objective. (E.H.R.)



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JOSEPH & FEISS presents made-to-measure suits with "Orlon", the extra point of excellent fabric. You get a richness you can see, and feel, and compare to no other material in town. This superb suit, made with 50% "Orlon" merino fiber and 50% wool, is about \$7,000 more expensive. When you shop this fall ask to see suits and slacks offering the extra point: "Orlon".

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVES
©1967 DuPont Company





FUR TRIM (far right) 1956, Jean Crasler wears "minkel" jacket of mink (\$150-\$200), fox hair (\$100), pleated skirt (\$200-\$250), all Sport shirt. Ben Krassman's casual London shirt (not for sale) and collar (\$50), Sears Reg.

SPORTING LOOK

Photographs by Jerry Cooke

COLLEGE '57

THIS SPECIAL LOOK of college clothes this year is an all-American look. Rarely have students, from Bowdoin to UCLA, dressed so uniformly. For this reason, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED went to the center of America to photograph this year's college fashion preview at the University of Missouri at Columbia. Columbia likes to think of itself as *Collegietown, U.S.A.*, with its three schools: M.U., Stephens and Christian colleges.

The look is made up of textures and of patterns particularly associated with college. For girls, plaids are bolder, pants are tapered, skirts are pleated, over-

blouses are easy-fitting and worn piled over shirts or sweaters. Red is the big color, accenting many neutrals. Fur—fake or real—add an elegant air. Sweaters are collector's items: bulky or smooth, cardigan or pullover, bright or subdued, and the favorite of them all is the Shetland.

The college man, even in the South and the West, is dressing in the tradition of his Ivy League brethren: combining chino cotton jackets with flannel slacks; sharing a penchant for corduroy, good tweed, for whipcord and covert, many another favorite shown here.

JACKETS

Mr. Harvard Elm's and Tinker Clark (left, White Stag-Bantam) and Joan Crawford's gold Kerenzi (left, \$25, over a Shetland sweater with blanket-plaid skirt, \$30, at Marlow Bros.), are in fall's colors.



FILE LINING

Increase the warmth of Jane Dasher's and Matt Flynne's double-breasted poplin coats (\$48, White Stag); \$50, Zero King; downy boots, \$10, Sandler. Collar and dog Waldo are campus landmarks.





BOLD STRIPES

are typical of today's pre-warrior youngsters that are campus favorites (\$22, men's; \$15, women's, Gantari). Tom Schneider and Carol Lou Wheeler wear them down by the Hudson, M.U.'s movie-side parade site.



FALL TONES

are found in Dave Allen's mustard blazer (\$42.95, Lids), corduroy slacks (\$10, Sears); Tom Schneider's suit with china jacket lined in matching funnel of trousers (\$94, McGregor). Canterbury belts, Gant shirts, Reis tie.



PULLOVERS with trim lines get away from the whole flavor of college '57. These, worn outside Missions' dress blazer by Stephens College student Linda Cooper, 20, and Jane Roberts, are a far cry from the old sloppy joe, have contrasting trim, crew and V-necks (\$13, left, \$16, right; both Catalina).

BLAZER Sweater: \$10, Revlon; worn by Miss Griffith. Tail: against Ben Chapman, in red jersey, same line with blue buttons—washed "under the brookwater."

ARGYLE Sweater: \$21.95 by Michigan; pullover: new, never in last place this fall. Claire Williams' jeans: \$1.95 from her La Brea 196 women's shop.





LODEN cloth duffel coats, both water-repellent and warm, are new college classics. Miles Borwick's is of beige loden, quilt-lined, with snapped hood and toggles (\$78, Europcraft Imports).



WHIPCORD early-war-era jacket, dark, comes in new styles. \$95. Mind of Darden, cotton, leather-lined (\$90, Gordon).



TWEED jacket of Scotland. Gray shirtwaist matched by Marc Flynn with charcoal tie (Reis), silk pocket square (Liberty of London).

BMOC SUITS, as worn here on the left, have rational cut. Bill Appleton (left) wears new tweed of 60% Orlon, 40% wool (\$75, Norford Clothes), and Jack Davis a classic tan covert. \$45, Wardrobe Trunk.



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CARDIGANS

stage a campus comeback. At the Kappa house Tom White wears one with red shaker collar, metal buttons (\$25, Janssen); Albert Farrel one of wool and tweed (\$35); card shirts: \$2-50, both Karmel.



SHETLAND

knitwear, with spaced necks, are everybody's favorite. Bill Hammond and Gaby Cooper wear matching gray ones (\$12, Robert Bruce); Bill, Olympic knitwear over tweed, flap-pocketed slacks (both Cerber).



WILDERNESS ROUTE leads across Rainy Lake, continues upstream in Ontario bush.

Canoes in the Wilderness

An Indian guide and two young couples
relive the pleasures of an oldtime vacation

Photographs by Wallace Kirkland

Decades ago, when the 66-year-old Indian guide Bill Adams was just learning his trade, the pleasant way to spend a week or two of summer vacation was canoeing through the wilderness, where the motive power was the muscles of the paddler and mortal man seldom strayed. Today, pastcooned planes and motorboats have all but replaced canoes in Adams' lovely hard-green bush country of southwestern Ontario. But the old guide still leads occasional parties such as the one pictured on these pages, which included young Chicago Suburbanites Don and Dot Swanson and Jack and Carol O'Grady. Meeting his charges recently in the border town of Fort Frances, he helped them stow their tents, packclothes and grub aboard a motorboat and took them 25 miles up Rainy Lake (see map) to a heavily wooded island, where they camped for two days and familiarized themselves with their two 12-foot aluminum canoes and a 16-foot, temperance's model. Early on the third day they headed out of Rainy and for the next 10 days never saw another soul. They paddled across clear blue lakes, painfully portaged around beaver dams, lost their way up disappearing creeks and got soaked in the rain. They fished, cooked, pushed their canoes through swampy coar and were surprisingly surprised by lakes crammed with white water lilies. They emerged from the bush 12 days after they had gone in, happily refreshed by their old-fashioned trip in the wild.

During quiet interludes, couples ease way through water lily patches. Later, pads became thicker and men, led by Swanson (below) were forced to portage





Camping a day or so as a relief from paddling,
the canoeists cook Indian-style, hanging each
pot from a green poplar stick, and the ladies
find the soft lake water ideal for a shampoo



Me and Those Canoes

by SPARSE GREY HACKLE

Illogical and torturous, they demand in equal amounts courage, resolution, endurance. The author loves them

CANOEING was invented by the Indians for torturing captives. The Eighth Amendment prohibiting cruel and unusual punishments meant canoeing. Ervin Cobb had canoeing in mind when he wrote that sport is hard work for which you don't get paid.

Canoeists are different from ordinary people. In some cases the difference probably is a matter of courage, resolution, endurance or fortitude, but in my case it was what my old top sergeant said about a rookie who tackled all the dangerous horses. "He ain't brave," snorted the hard-boiled top. "He just don't know no better."

The fact that every time a canoeist embarks he runs a measurable risk of drowning or coronary thrombosis and a greater one of hernia or heat prostration indicates that there are things basically wrong with canoeing; it is, in fact, the most inadvisable means ever conceived for the transportation of man by his own efforts.

Take paddling. If you wanted to move a bureau, you'd stand behind it and shove it with the big muscles of your back and legs. If you had a boat instead of a bureau, you'd dig in your oars and do the same thing. But what would you think of a man who moved a bureau by sitting alongside it, a foot away, and twisting around to give it a feeble shove? If he had a canoe instead of a bureau, he'd use a paddle the same way.

Rowing with two oars drives a boat as straight as a bricklayer heading for a saloon, but paddling with a single blade zigzags a canoe like a bricklayer leaving a saloon. The beginning of the stroke turns the prow aside, so to keep from traveling in a circle the paddler must end the stroke by turning his blade and pushing with it sideways, away from him. That off-center body twisting and straining is maddening. An AAU official has said that the nearest a man can come to the pangs of childbirth is the twisting and wrenching of competition walking, but he's wrong. The agony of paddling against a headwind is like giving birth to cement blocks.

Carrying a canoe over portages hurts less than paddling only because it is done less. Any carrying at all is too much; there is no, repeat no, canoe light enough for portaging. There is one that weighs only 45 pounds, although it is aluminum, and a careless fisherman in an aluminum canoe sounds like two skeletons wrestling on a tin roof; but even that is too heavy, and besides, a canoe is three times too long to be carried through brush without catching and hanging up worse than a militia officer's saber.

THE difference between canoeists and other people is emphasized again in the matter of white water. Canoeists ascend, and sometimes descend, rapids by poling. Unlike the paddler, the poler stands up to the job, but he not only reaches over the edge of the boat—he leans over it. The results of throwing one's weight on a pole which then slips are dramatic but not necessarily enjoyable.

Poling downstream can be even more dramatic and even less enjoyable. The standing poler shoves his pole ahead, sets the point and then snubs the canoe, letting it downstream slower than the current. The exciting part is when the pole sticks fast among the rocks. If the poler lets go, or if he holds on and the pole breaks, the canoe is out of control until he can squat and grab a paddle—usually too late. But if he hangs on and the pole doesn't break, the canoe goes ahead without him and he remains in the middle of a roaring torrent, waving like a flag. He can try to walk ashore or he can take a chance and let the current carry him down through the rapids, but most well-travelled stretches of white water are studded with canoe poles thrumming in the current, still supporting the skeletons of poles who held on until they starved to death.

With the paddle, white water must be run faster than the pace of the current, to maintain steering way. Since this ordinarily amounts to 10 miles an hour or more, a

continued

THOSE CANOES

continued

loaded canoe which encounters a granite mountain in the midst of a rapids is likely to absorb so many foot-pounds of energy that it abandons its unity like a dropped watermelon. For these reasons most canoeists carry around most rapids, black flies or no black flies. Some make a point of never doing so, but they are not numerous; they keep getting used up.

It is not surprising that a sport which makes such demands on its devotees should boast its full share of characters. Three of them, all identified with the canoeing craze of the '90s and '90s, are fair examples. They are MacGregor, Bishop and Neumuk.

JOHN MacGREGOR, a brawny (165 pounds) Scots harrier, started it all back in 1865 by designing a wooden kayak that fitted him like a coat (his words) or a coffin (my words) and made history as the *Rob Roy*. With a Cambridge hard straw hat on his hard head, a folded raincoat to sit on and his Sunday suit—and damned little else—is a folded cloth bag. MacGregor cruised on the Continent for three months, fascinating children with gifts of rubber bands, petrifying the yokels with the spectacle of burning magnesium and handing out evangelical tracts. On his return he set the sporting world afire by writing: *A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe on Rivers and Lakes of Europe* and, subsequently, *The Rob Roy on the Baltic* and *The Rob Roy on the Jordan, Nile, Red Sea and Ganges* etc. etc. The cheerful, hardy, sincere and most engaging personality which these fascinating books reflect was undoubtedly the principal instigator of the worldwide canoe craze that ensued.

It came to America in 1871 when a group led by William Livingston Alden and M. Roosevelt Schuyler organized the New York Canoe Club and built a fleet from drawings of Nautilus, a modified *Rob Roy*, which they obtained from MacGregor's first disciple, Warrington Baden-Powell. In 1885 the club established the New York Canoe Club International Challenge Cup for decked sailing canoes, which is still in competition.

In the winter of 1874-75 an early member of the New York CC, Nathaniel Holmes Bishop, rowed a canoe from Troy, N.Y., to Florida down the coastal inland waterways, and in the following winter rowed a Barnegat snook box—a light cedar duck boat—from Pittsburgh to Florida via the Mississippi and the Gulf. The two trips aggregated about 5,000 miles, and since Bishop had earlier walked across South America from Buenos Aires to Valparaiso, it must be judged that he was obsessed with distance. He weighed but 135 pounds, and no wonder. Bishop was the real founder. In 1889, of the American Canoe Association which today is still the governing body of organized canoeing. He wrote three unimpaired chronicles of his journeys, none of them improved by his dimensiations as an amateur geographer but all reflecting his courage and resolution.

OUR THIRD character is Neumuk—George Washington Seane, the foremost outdoors writer of the 1890s. All the early canoeists were fanatical on the subject of saving weight, but Neumuk made a religion of lightness, perhaps because he weighed only 105 pounds. He was the creator and high priest of the go-light craze in camping out.

Beginning in 1880 he and his builder, Rushton of Canton, N.Y., created a series of clinker-built wooden canoes, the first of which weighed 16 pounds and the last, built in 1885, just an ounce under 10 pounds. But his best-known craft, approaching MacGregor's 80-pound *Rob Roy* in fame, was the *Sally Gump*, 10½ feet long, 26 inches wide and less than 7 inches deep. Her sides could be sprung like a cardboard box by mere hand pressure and her planking was less than a quarter-inch thick, but Neumuk cruised her all through the Adirondacks without mishap. She hangs today in the Smithsonian Institution, a miracle of cabinet-work and varnish, a cedar bubble that floats on the water as a soap bubble floats on velvet.

Aside from the barrel-hoop and bed-sheet canoes that all boys build, my own connection with this fascinating craft began with a \$25 no-name and ended with an Oldham guide model in which my bride and I honeymooned on Barnegat Bay. I had sport in all of them, but just as there is no loss like a first kiss, so there is no canoe like the first one. That cheap but sturdy craft gave two 17-year-old boys an unforgettable summer during which we furnished Long Island Sound like a cornfield. In that great burst of exaltation the true philosophy of canoeing—and of canoeists—was made clear to me.

ON JULY 4, 1910 my cousin and I started before daylight to cross the sound to Execution Light but the wind came up with the sun and stalled us within pistol-shot of our goal. So we made a grand sweeping run back to the sheltered inlet beside Travers Island, summer home of the New York Athletic Club, and hung around the rest of the day taking in the Metropolitan Senior High-Diving Championships more enjoyably than those who had paid to watch from land.

The wind died as darkness fell. A string orchestra struck up on the veranda of the club house, and richly garbed ladies and gentlemen began arriving in their Rolle-Royces from their lordly estates. Rare wines and costly viands were served, fragrant Havana cigars ignited.

By contrast, we had half a pound of smoked beef, a box of soda crackers and a jar of water. We still had before us the long paddle home, a two-mile carry on our sunburned shoulders and, for me, three hours on trolley and subway to farthest Flatbush.

I washed down the last salty, crumbly mouthful with a long swig of warm water and lit my pipe. The music wafted soft and sweet as a baby's sigh over water which stirred gently as it slept in the arms of the land. The trees were lanky against a spangled, luminous sky. The reek of salt marshes mingled with the pungence of the tobacco.

My fingers felt thin and hard as I wrapped them around the shaft of the gleaming spruce paddle and I was eager for long steady stroking in the balmy evening air. I was a king, and my hard bow seat was a throne on the top of the world. I palmed with my paddle at the veranda.

"Frank, I feel sorry for those people," I said with the earnestness of one who has just seen the true light. "We have everything that they have! We're enjoying ourselves more than they are; and," I added, subconsciously recalling my salary of \$11 a week, "it isn't costing us a cent."

I believed it then and I believe it, every word of it, yet. And if you can't believe it, take my advice and forget about canoes. Which demonstrates that so far as I am concerned, a canoeist is unflatteringly different from other people. I'm sure you will agree when I add that I never could learn to swim.

(JWB)

TIP FROM THE TOP

from **WILLIE KLEIN**

for all golfers except low-handicap players



A bad grip has wrecked many a golf game. It can cause hooks and slices and increase the natural tendency of most golfers to use their right arm in too strong a fashion. I advocate gripping the club in the palm of the left hand, not the fingers. If you get all of the grip from the fingers, it increases the chances of letting your wrist bend. A lot of golfers tend to let their right hand slip around toward the bottom of the shaft because it makes the arm feel stronger. That's the thing you should be trying to get away from—that feeling of power in the right arm. If the right arm slips toward the bottom of the shaft, it leads you to pick the club up drastically on the backswing. The result is you smother the ball. Some golfers start off with a correct right hand grip but they don't maintain this correct grip throughout the backswing. This causes the golfer to close the face of his club as it reaches the ball, and a hook results.

Turning to the left hand: this is where the slice begins. Gripping the club too much in the fingers makes the wrist collapse on the backswing. This opens the club face and a slice results.

A rule of thumb works something like this: If you're slicing, look at your left hand and see if the wrist is collapsing. If you're hooking, reappraise your right hand grip.

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Right hand too far under the shaft produces hook



Club too much in fingers of left hand leads to slice



Willie Klein's correct grip

NEXT WEEK: BUD HOLSCHER ON PRACTICE AND PLAYING

EDSEL ARRIVES

Ford Motor Co. unveils a muscular new entry in the medium-price market—a long, low car in a full range of models, with impressive power to go along with the brightwork

By KENNETH RUDEEN

VATS of printer's ink have been spilled, as everyone knows, over the intensity of the Ford Motor Company's efforts to find a suitable name and style for the car it is introducing this week. Suffice it to say that the car is named after Edsel Bryant Ford, son of Henry I and father of Henry II, and that while it has a decided family resemblance to the Mercury, it is distinguished by a bold, vertically positioned chrome design in the center of the grille.

The very expensive question now is what the public will think of the Edsel. Ford has spent \$250 million just getting it to the store—the first complete line from any of the Big Three since Ford introduced the Mercury in 1938. All in all, there are 18 Edsel models in four series, ranging downward in price from Citicada to Corsair to Pacer to Ranger. The suggested retail price spread will be roughly \$2,500 to \$3,500, blanketing most of the Buick-Old-

mobile-Pontiac and De Soto-Dodge opposition in the medium-price field and the flimsier "low-price" models.

The other day I drove three Edsel models at Ford's Dearborn proving ground and found them swift, smooth and stable. As anticipated there was nothing radical beneath the hood. The big new Edsel engines have a world of power, in keeping with Detroit's devotion to high horsepower ratings. Citation and Corsair models have a 345-hp., 410-cu.-in. V-8, while Ranger and Pacer have a 303-hp, 361-cu. in. V-8. Both engines have a four-barrel carburetor and 10.5-to-1 compression ratio. As these specifications suggest, the Edsel is an extremely quick machine. Acceleration from 0 to 60 mph in 8.3 seconds is claimed for the fastest big-engine models and 9.4 seconds for the smaller cars—figures that would do credit to some highly developed sports cars.

An industry first for the Edsel is the

location of push-button automatic transmission controls on the hub of the typically Ford dish-shaped steering wheel. This is a commendably convenient arrangement. Power windows, brakes and seats are available, naturally, and so is a device which red-lights the speedometer when a predetermined speed set by the driver has been exceeded. Another useful feature, standard on all models, is a self-adjusting brake system. The distance between linings and drums may be maintained within factory-determined tolerances for the life of the linings by an occasional application of the brakes in reverse. In frame and suspension the Edsel stays with current Ford practices—box-section frame, independent half-joint front suspension with coil springs and integral shock absorbers, and leaf springs in the rear.

Ford's quarter-of-a-billion-dollar bet is down, and now the Edsel's destiny is in the hands of the public. ☐



DRIVER'S VIEW shows push-button transmission controls on the hub of deep-dish steering wheel.



IN THE REAR the design accentuates the massive proportions of the Edsel's taillights and bumper, channel is "ditch creek" trunk lid and the convex fender panel.



Blue Heaven

by EZRA BOWEN

*Next time you think of Hawaii, add
a sportsman's attraction to those*

tropic skies—namely marlin, blue marlin, as big as you've ever seen

FOR years the Honolulu tourist offices have exerted themselves quite successfully to convince people that Hawaii is the place to be in the summer for cool water and warm night life. But, in building up the off-season trade, they somehow have never given due recognition to a story of considerable interest to American sportsmen: the incredible summer fishing season which, during July, August and September, offers among other things the biggest blue marlin in the world.

During these months, just off the town of Kona (see map), schools of oceanic bonito come to the surface; and the marlin follow them, hungry to strike and not nearly so careful as they might be in a more heavily fished area. Last year the Kona charter fleet, made up of eight sturdy but generally middle-aged boats, landed 297 marlin averaging 326 pounds apiece. The catch was a mixture of blues, blacks, stripers and silvers, but the real giants are the blues. On February 4 of last year, Pablo Lihero, mate on Tacka Waldron's 48-foot *Kona*, hoisted in a 736-pound blue in 30 minutes. In 1953, DeWayne Nelson of New Brunswick, N.J., fishing from George Parker's 58-foot *Mona H.*, brought in an 886-pounder which was then judged a black but which Parker now maintains was a blue. And Parker himself is currently waging war to get recognition from the International Game Fish Association for a 1,602-pound blue he caught singlehanded off Oahu three years ago.

At the moment, the IGFA isn't recognizing any of Kona's blue marlin records because it isn't convinced the Kona marlin is true blue, i.e., not a close enough relative to the fine old family of Atlantic blues. The Kona fish, however, very probably is a blue.

It certainly isn't white. It hasn't the same characteristics as a striped. And unlike the black, whose pectoral fin is rigid, the Kona fish has a pectoral fin with a joint so flexible that the fin can be folded back against the body. The only real difference between the Kona fish and the Atlantic blue is a difference in structure of the pectoral girdle that can be pinpointed only by dissecting the fish. Therefore a lot of scientists are conceding that the Pacific marlin is some kind of a blue, but until they decide which fish is a subspecies of what, the Kona marlin will have to continue to wear the bar sinister.

No matter. These are big fish, and

you don't have to be a champion angler with an independent income to get one. Any Hawaiian vacationer with a few days to spare and the price of an airplane ticket to Kona (\$31.90 round trip from Honolulu via Hawaiian or Aloha airlines) can put himself in the right place to try for a marlin. The cost of a charter boat is quite reasonable, too—\$75 a day, \$45 a half day—and easy to arrange through the Inter-Island Travel Service, 2217 Kalakaua Ave., Honolulu. The three hotels in Kona—the Kona Inn, the Kona Palm and the Waikiki Lodge—have open-air dining and drinking and languid Hawaiian service at \$10.35 European single, up to \$42.29 American triple deluxe. Incidentally, all three of these hotels take last-minute charter boat bookings for anyone who happens to be on a standard tour of the islands and decides to go fishing at the last minute.

Perhaps the most appealing thing about Kona's marlin fishing, at least for the man who brings with him a family and or an unseaworthy constitution, is the fact that here the marlin ground is close to the leeward shore of the island. At Kona, the minute the boat sticks its nose outside tiny Kailua Bay, you're in marlin country. And the whole broad complex of choice fishing grounds, stretching from a spot about 10 miles northwest of Kona, back past the town and on down the coast for some 13 miles, is sheltered from the prevailing trade winds. Therefore, besides a comfortable ride, you know that a half-day charter means a half day's fishing and not just a half-day boat ride out to a distant ground for one quick pass and back home. And you know you have a chance right up

continued on page 24



GEORGE PARKER SURFELS LOUPOUNICE

MARTIN'S SCOTCH...
that's the spirit !

A vintage advertisement for Martin's Scotch VVO. The scene depicts a man in a kilt and sporrans pouring Scotch whisky from a bottle into glasses for three other men sitting in folding chairs. The man in the kilt is standing and holding a bottle and a glass. The three men are sitting and drinking. In the foreground, a bottle of Martin's VVO Scotch Whisky is prominently displayed next to a glass of whisky. The bottle label reads "MARTIN'S VVO BRAND SCOTCH WHISKY" and "THE HOUSE OF MARTIN". A small circular seal next to the bottle says "TASTE OF GOOD TASTE".

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Smith-Corona

Blue Heaven

continued from page 50

until the last bait is pulled in at the harbor entrance.

This last point was never made more clear than on an afternoon this past month when this reporter, in Kona at the start of a four-day junket to test the marlin fishing, tumbled back toward the harbor after a fabled day with George Parker. During the morning, Parker had troled the main marlin ground northwest of Kihalele Point, setting two heavy rods, one with a 14/0 Penn Senator reel, the other a 12/0, and both with a 180-pound test Dacron line. This is standard heavy equipment at Kona. For a lure he used his own version of the artificial squid that the other captains all like—a shiny head made of clear plastic (glimmer's tubing for Parker), with a white plastic skirt and legs of inner-tube strips hiding a pair of 12/0 hooks on a heavy wire leader.

A rubber band

Like the other Kona captains, Parker dragged the lure fast, about 7 1/2 knots, and strung his line from a rigid uprigger, rather than the common outrigger. The local theory seems to be that the uprigger keeps the line higher off the water than an outrigger would, and hence gives the lure a lighter, livelier skipping action. For a release, Parker and the others use a rubber band instead of the usual clothespin. This is a really superior arrangement, because the rubber never chafes the sensitive Dacron line, and stretches with the wave action so that the fishing line never pops off the outrigger unless there is a real strike which snaps the rubber band. Finally, like the other captains, Parker troled a light rod with nine-thread line, 6/0 reel and a leather, hoping partly for a dolphin or an amberjack, because this is world-record country for both, but hoping even more to catch a bonito to use as fresh bait. There was also a chance, on any of the rigs, to pull in a hefty Allison tuna, which come in record sizes hereabouts.

Just before noon a small bonito took Parker's leather. When the fish was aboard, Parker rigged him as bait on the 14/0 setup. But instead of trailing the fresh bait from the uprigger, he trailed it from a white marlin kite, just like the 18¢ store kite that small boys must still fly somewhere. For the next four hours, he skipped the bonito from the kite, which stood perhaps 50 yards out from the boat, well away from

either the wake or the noise of the engine and kept the bait dancing lightly along the surface. Still no marlin.

At 3:45 Parker turned for home. At 3:50 his charter party fell asleep in a deck chair. At 4 p.m., there was the tortured howl of a reel. Parker shouted, "Fish! Fish!" and the sleeping party stumbled out of his chair, struck the fish four times heavily—and stupidly, since this was fresh bait and the marlin might not have had the bait well in his mouth—then eased off the drag and fell into the fighting chair.

For the next four hours and five minutes the fish did everything he should have. He ran, he scouted, he thrashed the surface and bore in on the boat. All the while, Parker kept the stern on the fish, gently coached the angler but at the same time let him know that this battle was strictly between the fish and the man in the

the natives and the tourists are still openly friendly and really enthusiastic about the business of bringing in a marlin. No matter how late the fisherman gets in, the dock is crowded with people and cars. Everybody comes just to see the fish; and as the dockside hoist swings out to lift the marlin tail first from the water, three or four flash cameras go off. When the fish is safely ashore, other anglers come up to shake hands and ask how the fish had struck; and little boys, in the same wildly flattering voice they usually offer only to star halfbacks, ask if this was the man who caught the fish.

Once out of the water, the fish is trucked, along with the angler, to the Kona Inn, where it is hoisted on the weighing gibbet hard by the open-air dance floor. Then a marlin bell starts the rhythm of Hawaiian music, and more flashbulbs lure the dancers out to



MARLIN CAPITAL OF HAWAII IS TINY KONA, ONLY ONE HOUR BY AIR FROM HONOLULU

chair. And when the marlin finally gave up at 8:05 p.m., Parker dispatched him quickly and hauled him along the stern. This performance by Parker, immensely helpful to a novice, can be duplicated by any of the top skippers in Kona, especially by Henry Chee, who is a real master of his trade, and by Charlie Machado and Waldron, the oldest hands and wisest heads in the Kona fleet.

The fish weighed out at 150 pounds even. And this weighing process is something else that seems to be more fun at Kona than most places. Kona is a tiny town, which had only one hotel until two years ago. Therefore, both

the angler who, by this time, is feeling quite giddy about the whole thing. After the weighing, and according to custom, the fisherman walks down to Johnny Spencer's Kona Steak House to celebrate the catch with a truly superior cut of island beef and a glass or two of rum. There he finds that the news of the catch has reached the Steak House ahead of him, so that the bartender and the men in the band call him Mr. Marlin and generally convince him that, though his fish weighs 150 pounds less than one that was caught only the day before, he is still somehow one of the world's really great fishermen. (C.R.B.)

SAN FRANCISCO 1 LOS ANGELES 0

SAN FRANCISCO is a great city, as anyone who lives in San Francisco is willing to admit at almost any hour of the day or night. Not so big as New York, not even so big as its sprawling California neighbor, Los Angeles, it nevertheless has all the cosmopolitan qualities common to the famous cities of the world. In the American idiom, it's big league.

When last week San Francisco learned officially that the New York Giants had crossed the Hudson (known in the provincial East as the Hudson) and would field a National League team under the Golden Gate in 1958, the city accepted the news that it was now a big league town in fact as well as in reputation with a restraint that was almost self-conscious. Milwaukee had gone half-delirious with joy when it went big league in 1953, and Baltimore and Kansas City bubbled with excitement when their turns came. San Francisco, outwardly at least, was not terribly impressed.

The Associated Press wired its local office for pictures of "dancing in the streets," but the local office was obliged to wire back that there was none. Scripps-Howard's *News* did begin a headline with the word GIANTS in end-of-the-world type, but set the coming—it's official in a casual, almost conversational tone.

San Francisco Correspondent Dick Pollard reported to Sports Illustrated on this flagrantistic calm: "San Franciscans didn't get the team they sentimentally wanted (the Yankees), nor even the league they wanted (the American), but they did get a real live major league baseball club, and they did get the incomparable Willie Mays. So, like parents who hoped for a girl and got a boy, we'll make the best of it. . . . Herbie Storcham is getting a spanking-new 15,000-seat stadium and all the other usual perquisites while paying the lowest gross percent. price in the major

(continued)



DELIGHTED MAYOR. George Christopher, who was an anti-leaguester for San Francisco, happily introduces newspaper bearing the official news of Giants' arrival.



SEALS STADIUM, where the Giants will play most of their 1958 games, could larger stadium is built on the new site (see page 37), draws modest crowd for Seals game.



RESIDENT GIANTS The Max Fisher (left) met the great Marty Jagg, who had reached home from his happy return.



BULLEN VARDON (right) McFadden, "I love the ship, but I'll sell you some (pointing at the ship) for you."



SAN FRANCISCO

—Tom Ford



CONSTRUCTION MAN Charles F. Harney, who has since died passing upon a stadium for the transplanted Giants, flashes one of the widest grins in San Francisco.

RESTAURANT MAN René Harcourt, who is co-owner of Joe DiMaggio's Restaurant on Fisherman's Wharf, says "It'll be good for the city; it's a major league town."



league. But he is also walking into a town, which traditionally will pay anything to see a champion but won't walk two blocks to see a second-rater.

"And, of course, there's our weather. New York writers have pointed out all our fair city's shortcomings, even suggesting that we have fleas as large as baseball bats and earthquakes which occur with the frequency of eastern summer showers. This is a patent canard. But our weather—well—it's chilly. The average mean summer temperature for the past 40 years has been 69°. All other major league cities average, I'd guess, about 74°. San Francisco's average high temperature in July is 84, low 53; New York, by 1965 figures, was 84 and 67.

"These temperatures, plus our famed fog, which comes in with the persistence of a mother-in-law, will certainly discourage night attendance and cut into the daytime crowd. Millions San Franciscans have seen baseball in the fog. But for newcomers, brought up on strappy summer baseball, the necessity of wearing an overcoat instead of shirt-sleeves and drinking coffee and bread instead of beer will be a shock."

Another San Franciscan, appeared disturbed by the news rather than elated. He pointed out rather acridly that the city would be giving up a first-place team, the minor league Seals in the Pacific Coast League for a sixth-place team, the Giants' current National League position. "I think that the Seals and the Giants should be made to play a best-of-five series for the right to represent us in the major leagues," he decided.

Thus San Francisco maintained its slightly aloof, sophisticated pose. Undeniedly all, however, was a quiet, pleased pride. And why not? For months now, most of the windstorm of words about "majors moving to the Coast" has been dominated by the plans of the range—and in San Francisco opinion slightly loud—city of Los Angeles to receive the hated Brooklyn Dodgers. And last week ... well, where was the Dodgers?

The lovely city by the Golden Gate would never come right out and say it, certainly, but it rather blood the idea that when major league baseball finally broke through to California it came to San Francisco. In the dawning new age, when the ancient rivalry of Giants and Dodgers seems about to be transplanted bodily to the Coast, San Francisco was, clearly, one up.

—J.M.B.



SITE OF NEW STADIUM.—Viewed on left, top of team where night begins his duties, president of Jack Dooling, representative of

contracting firm. Construction of new stadium, to cost \$1,200,000, will involve pushing a small mountain into San Francisco Bay.



GLAD OF MOVE is Daniel McKibben, 79, who lives 200 feet from new stadium site, half thirds of opening up a store.



GLODNY AT MOVE is Sacto Manager Joe Garzone, former ex-Yankee, who like rest of club, is now in search of a new home town.

FOR BASEBALL 2,200 MILES—AND SEVERAL LEAGUES—FROM SAN FRANCISCO, TURN PAGE

THIS IS THE BUSH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN

*Farmed portrait of Golden Plains, with a retirement of some
veterans along with hard-worked ones from affiliated Toronto*



Class D baseball, which has seen the beginning (and, in some cases, the end) of many baseball careers, is the very rock bottom foundation of the national pastime. No place is more characteristic of the hush than Gainesville, Fla., 700 miles from the nearest big league city. The pictures on these and the following four pages present Gainesville's local G-Men in the strenuous and often seedy life that goes with this most primitive stage of baseball



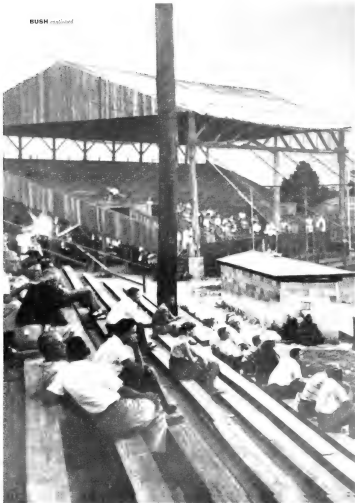
The hush league fan in Gainesville takes his baseball as seriously as his big league cousin



Whether he's a garage man, farmer or bank clerk, the local team is his pride and joy



CONTINUED





Johnny Vinkelmeier (left), Armed for two strikeouts, falls to catch messenger as ball boys watch ballers' duel before game.



Visiting players' wives relax mooning and solve baby-sitting problem with an evening's talk fest at the ball park.

Far from the concrete and steel shadows of the majors, Cincinnati's fans drift into wooden stands of Harris Field

BUSH continued

Manager Red Dalbey powders last night's winners while he takes refuge from the stunts.

The player's life is composed of many things including a washful, soap and dirty uniforms.



PETE IN THE BUSH

Pete Reiser, Brooklyn star of 1930-48, is typical of the occasional big leaguer who winds up managing a Class D team

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

HAROLD PATRICK (PETE) REISER is 38 years old, 5 feet 10 1/2 inches tall and weighs 198 pounds. He has a full face, hazel eyes and thinning dark brown hair. Counting service time, he played in the major leagues 13 years, most of them with the Brooklyn Dodgers. He was a fine player, but he was injured a lot. "When people tell me I played too hard," he says, "I tell them that's how I got up to the majors." He is the only rookie to have won the National League batting championship. He was hitting .350 his second year when he ran into the center-field wall in St. Louis, chasing a line drive. He finished the season at .310, and the best he ever hit after that was .309 in 1947. In 1952 he quit. He was troubled by headaches, dizzy spells and a nervous stomach. All told, he had suffered five skull fractures and seven brain concussions. Three years ago, he returned to baseball as a manager in the Brooklyn farm system, and for the past two years he has been managing the Kokomo Dodgers in the Class D Midwest League. In organized baseball, there is no league classed lower than D, or, as Reiser puts it, "This is the bush."

Some of the clubs in the Midwest League are in towns even more obscure than Kokomo, Indiana—like Paris and Mattoon, Illinois. To keep up attendance, the playing year is divided into two seasons of 61 games. At the end of the second season there is a championship playoff between the top four teams. Kokomo, which finished second in the first season, is in second again. Most games are at night. In one park the lights are so poor outfielders have difficulty seeing ground balls. In Duquesne the outfielders throw downhill. In Paris they throw uphill. Kokomo is

a community-owned club. Most of the players are supplied by Brooklyn. They have names like Napoleon Savaron and Burton Wheeler, whose nickname, oddly enough, is Teacup. The general manager, Jim Deets, works for the New York Life Insurance Company during the winter, and the president, Dan Scott, is the chief of police. The club travels by chartered bus. The longest haul is to Albuquerque. It is 376 miles from Kokomo, and the trip takes eight hours. On the road a player gets \$2.50 a day for meals. Reiser gets \$5.

A BAWLIN' OUT NEVER HURT

When Kokomo is at home, Reiser gets up at 9. He lives in a furnished trailer on the west edge of town and pays \$21 a week rent. That includes gas, water and electricity. He fixes his own breakfast, usually a couple of soft-boiled eggs, and drinks four or five cups of coffee. During breakfast he reads *The Indianapolis Star* or the *Chicago Tribune* to see how Brooklyn is doing. At 10 he drives his 1950 two-door Chevrolet sedan, for which he paid \$100, to the ball park, Highland Park Stadium, about five minutes away. He parks in the grove of trees near the gate and walks to the concrete clubhouse behind the wooden first-base grandstand. He passes through the players' clubhouse, in which there is a red-lettered sign warning DO NOT ASSAULT UMPIRES, and turns into his office on the right. Chalked on the door is "Pete Reiser, Manager." Across the hall is the shower. The office is about five feet square and is furnished with a desk, a portable typewriter, two metal chairs and a blackboard. When he gets there, he writes down the good and bad points of the game the night be-



REISER, IN TRUNKS, DIRECTS WORKOUT

fore on a sheet of paper, then he figures out the morning workout. The players show at 10:30, and he goes over the game with them. If a player deserves praise, he gets it, or if he deserves a bawling out, he gets it, right in front of the others. "It's good for a ballplayer to know what other ballplayers should be doing," Reiser says. "Besides, a bawlin' out never hurt anybody as long as there's love in it."

If it's a hot day, he wears an old pair of brown and yellow bathing trunks during the workout. He also wears a navy blue cap with "K" in white on the front, low socks, spikes, sunglasses and a stopwatch around his neck. "A boy should develop a good runnin' habit," he says. "If he's capable of runnin' to first in three and four-sevens seconds in practice, he should run it in the game. All I ask is for 100% hustle and consideration for my position as manager." He devotes most of the workout to teaching. Class D players have a lot of faults. For example, an outfielder may run on his heels fielding a fly, an infielder may not use the cross-over step when breaking to the side, or a hitter may be committing himself too soon on the hunt. Like all masterful hunters, Reiser believes hunting has become a lost art, and he has his players practice it often. Once in a while he has them practice the poor-hastard play, so called because the hitter takes a hunt, then swings away toward the

continued

REISER

retarded

poor bastard of a fielder charging in. Two faults that are hard to overcome are fear of making the tag or fear of a pitched ball. Either one can damp a player out of baseball, even Clam D. "A lot of baseball is here," Reiser says, tapping his stomach.

After the workout he drives into town for steak or ham and eggs. Then he may take in a movie. If it's Saturday, he and a couple of players instruct Little Leaguers, then Reiser goes to recreation at St. Joan of Arc's. Around 5 or 6 he goes back to the office and fills out the daily game report for the previous night. He attaches the box scores and types in whatever comments

up where he came from he was figured a right crackerjack ballplayer, and when Reiser told him he lacked the ability to play pro ball, the boy burst into tears. Reiser told him not to cry and that if he couldn't be the best damn ballplayer on the Kokomo Dodgers, he could be the best damn farmer in northern Minnesota.

Night games start at 7:30. Kokomo occupies the dirt floor dugout on the first-base side. Reiser, who wears No. 3, sits on the bench near the steps, but if the game is tight, he leans against the front of the dugout, rolling a pebble between his fingers. When Kokomo is up, he coaches at third. The average crowd is about 800, and it is solidly for Kokomo against the umpires. Twice this year umpires have needed police

Lois with his family. He works as a carpenter for the Inso Sash & Door Co. doing indoor work at \$2.80 an hour. His wife, Pat, is the receptionist for a doctor. The Reisers have two girls, Sally, 14, and Shirley, just turned 8. Sally is retarded. "When I first found out, I was ashamed," he says, "but it's nothing to be ashamed of." He does a lot of speaking on the subject around home. Mrs. Reiser is president of the St. Louis Association for Retarded Children and on the board of directors of the national association. During the summer the girls spend a month in Kokomo. They see the ball games and go on picnics.

Reiser has some good prospects on the club. Tom Davis, an outfielder from Brooklyn, is leading the league in hitting, and the first baseman, Tim Harlow, a Canadian boy, is an excellent fielder and probably the best long-ball hitter in the league. But you never know who's going to make it to the top. It may be a boy hitting only .350. Reiser does all he can to get the most out of his players, and he handles them all individually. He can handle one player with a glance. Just a glance. Nothing more. He gets the best out of another player, a very sensitive boy, by inflating his ego and making him think he did it all himself. Actually, he did, but he doesn't think of it that way unless he's told. "If you ever jumped on him real bad," says Reiser, "I think he'd cry, and at the same time break you in two." Playing down in Dhallean sometimes is pretty discouraging. A player can get to feel that he's looking at the world through the wrong end of a telescope, especially if he has kicked around a long time. Emerson Unzicker, a pitcher who got married in a cross-hat ceremony at home plate last year, has been in D ball four years. This year he won 18 games and lost 19. Reiser keeps telling him that he has a chance. "After all," Reiser says, "Johnny Sain spent four years in D ball." But if a player can't make it all the way, Reiser hopes he can make it to the International League or the American Association. "That's where the money starts," he says.

As for himself, he plans to stay on in the Brooklyn organization. He is content to wait his turn. Sometimes, however, he thinks he'd like to coach up in the majors and get 20 years in on his pension. "That pays pretty good when you're about 50," he says. "Then I figure we could go down to Florida and live. The kids would both be grown up then. But ah, what the hell. I'd probably be back. You always want to be back in baseball."



ACCIDENT-PRONE Reiser, whose many serious baseball injuries prematurely brought an end to his playing career, leaves Kibitz Field in an ambulance after a 1947 misadventure.

are called for. "It's just as though I'm writing a letter to Fresno," he says. Fresno is Fresno Thompson, the Brooklyn vice-president in charge of farms. If necessary he does other paper work. Twice during the year he sends in a scouting report on every player in the league. His recommendation is taken highly. Last year he recommended Tom Humber, an outfielder for the Clinton (Iowa) Pirates, and when Pittsburgh didn't protect him from the draft, Brooklyn got him for \$700. This year Humber is playing for Reno in the Class C California League. He is hitting .330 and has stolen 86 bases.

Before the game Reiser hits lungs or holds tryouts. One of his hardest jobs is telling a boy he can't make it. A couple of months ago a boy from northern Minnesota showed up. He had sold the family car to raise money for the bus ticket. The boy said that

protection to get back to the YMCA.

After the game the players wait for Reiser to tell them when to take off their uniforms. It's an idea he picked up from Leo Darrother. Actually, when Kokomo loses, the players just sit in front of their lockers anyway, too disgusted to do much of anything. Reiser dresses and goes into town for dinner and a beer. Occasionally he holds a curfew check. The players have two and a half hours after the game to get to bed. An offender gets a warning the first couple of times. After that, a \$25 fine.

Ordinarily, Reiser is in bed by 1:30. When he's asleep, his right shoulder sometimes pops loose. The wire holding the clavicle to the breastbone is broken, but Reiser has gotten so used to the shoulder popping that he just snaps it back when he gets up. It's O.K. except that it aches for a couple of days.

During the winter Reiser lives in St.

◀▶▶



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VEEP DOWN

continued from page 18

The end had been clearly in sight from the third round on, but Rademacher, his massive arms tensed, insisted on trying. Just before the start of the sixth round, Referee Loughran, who had announced before the fight that he would not permit a TKO, asked Rademacher if he wanted to continue. Rademacher granted that he would. He walked into a left jab, his face became contorted under the impact of a left hook, and he went down once more from a right to the head.

well as a moral victory, though the fight netted only \$299,556.62 and Patterson's guarantee, put up by 22 friends of the organization, was \$250,000. Movies were taken of the fight. Promoter Jack Hurley, that same gray showman, guessed the fight might be worth a half million dollars to Youth Unlimited, Patterson and Gus D'Amato. Deacon Hurley's guesses are not invariably sharp. He had predicted the fight would draw a capacity crowd of 25,000. It drew 16,961.

But money offers began to come in to Rademacher. Next day he scratched a thoughtful chin when informed that

man who knows the value of an attraction. "That \$20,000 is an insult," he spluttered. "Chicken feed! This is the new Masked Marvel! No one knows what he looks like, and everyone wants to see him. He would fill up the Garden, which is a haunted house, just fighting a street car conductor."

"Something like this will require thinking," Rademacher said and went off to pack for a visit to his native Yakima Valley and a trip to New York, on Youth Unlimited business, next week. After that, back to Columbus, Georgia, where this astounding enterprise was hatched, and where he will devote himself to movie making.

AVOIDING A TARNISH

Any attempt to evaluate Rademacher as a boxer in professional ranks would fault him on a score of points. He lacks, for one thing, the staying power of a professional. It would take a year of intensive training, with occasional four- and six-round bouts, to get him in shape for serious main event competition. (The Patterson fight was a romantic adventure.) Acceptance of an IBC fight would not, therefore, be Rademacher's wisest move. Retiring now, he has a national reputation as a remarkable and respected figure in sport, a man who has made history. To be defeated once more by a professional—and he would almost certainly be defeated, if only by the simple device of staying away from his punch until he tired—could tarnish his accomplishment, make scrub a splendid achievement.

Tommy Loughran, a man who should know, thinks he should retire.

As for Floyd Patterson, still heavyweight champion of the world, he is entitled to a bit of rest and enjoyment of the comforts of home, wife and children. The ascetic life of the champion has given him almost none of this in the past year. Most of it has been spent in training or on tour.

"I'll take a month off," Floyd said, "then go back to the training camp."

His last act before breaking camp at Star Lake was to turn loose a couple of garter snakes he had captured and kept as pets in a glass jug, taking them out from time to time to fondle them between sparring sessions and roadwork. Aside from reunion with his wife and children, he is now looking forward to renewal of an old friendship with his two monkeys.

Patterson does not expect to fight again this year, but Gus D'Amato is pondering some offers which might change that. (GND)



FALLEN RADEMACHER grimaces in pain after being knocked down by, propped on the champion's hard right hands. The score is knockouts. Patterson 7, Rademacher 1.

He took the count of nine again, resting on one knee.

In action once more, he missed an efficacious right and took a left to the head. He actually hit Patterson with a right to the head. In a matter of moments he was down again, victim of a right to the back of the head as he reeled away from a feint. Loughran had counted 10 when Georges Chermont, Rademacher's trainer, rushed into the ring to stop the fight. It had seemed as if Rademacher just might have risen again. But as the count ended Vice-President Rademacher still was on one knee, struggling upward.

Despite the outcome, Youth Unlimited may have won a financial as

one of his original sponsors, the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president), now thought well enough of him to offer \$20,000 if he would fight any of four ranking heavyweights at Madison Square Garden in November. The fighters: Eddie Machens, Zora Folley, Willie Postumo and Alex Mitoff. Only the night before Rademacher had given the impression that he was through with fighting.

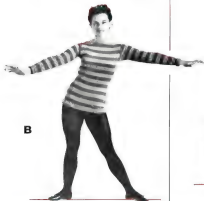
"Are any of them IBC fighters?" he now asked, pondering the proposition. He explained that "I kind of lean away from the IBC." Advised that all are pretty much in the IBC fold, he decided to think the matter over.

The IBC offer enraged Hurley, a

BONNIE PRUDDEN

8-9

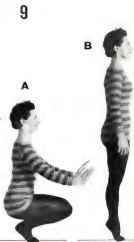
By now you're in such good form
you can add two new exercises



Stand with your feet apart and knees soft. You should lean over your left leg (A) as far as you can, being sure not to bend your knees. Keeping your upper body perfectly still, move your hips over to the right leg (B). This exercise should be repeated 10 times.

Here Bonnie demonstrates exercises you should add in the fifth week to your 15-minute daily period. They will trim the legs and thighs and help you avoid the stiffness and clumsy gait of unexercised knees. The hip shift (No. 8) works on the inside of the thigh; the deep knee bend (No. 9) on calves, knees, thighs and feet. Next week: the side stretch.

TIPS FOR LIVING: You can exercise along with Bonnie Prudden every Thursday on Dave Garraway's show *Today*, NBC-TV, beginning at 7 a.m. E.D.T.



Assume a squatting position (A), with knees together and your back straight. If balancing is hard, put one hand on a supporting object. Rise slowly to your toes (B), keeping your back and abdominal muscles tight. Lower feet to floor and continue down to A.



THE QUESTION: Will professional tennis eventually interest the public more than amateur tennis?



BORIS RARY
*Card Player, Pro,
 Former U.S. and
 Wimbledon champion*

Yes and no. Pro tennis will be more interesting to those who understand the fine points of the game. Amateur tennis will be more interesting to the general public because of the exciting matches: Forest Hills, Wimbledon and Newport, where championship tennis started.



JEANNE HOFFMAN
*Los Angeles Times,
 Sports editor and
 columnist*

Very definitely. Americans follow the star system. All the big tennis names will graduate to the pro ranks. If MOM put out a terrific movie, but with no stars in the cast, it wouldn't draw. Names make the news. The big tennis names will make pro tennis top on the charts.



LEW ROOD
*1937 Wimbledon
 champion*

No. In no country in the world will the professionals become popular with the amateurs. There are so many established amateur tournaments and so much tradition associated with the game that pro tennis cannot become the major attraction. But pro tennis will get bigger and better.



TONY TRABERT
*Former U.S. and
 Wimbledon champion*

I think so. If you watch the best five amateurs against any five pros, what chance would the amateurs have? That's your answer. If people want to see the best in tennis, they'll go to see the pros. I've played both types of tennis. Believe me, no one plays harder than the pros.



GIL SERE
*Los Angeles
 Northridge amateur*

That depends. If the pros can set an open tournament, pro tennis will become more interesting than amateur, and as professional golf has taken the lead. Also, if Jack Kramer can corral the 10 or 15 best remaining amateurs, amateur tennis will be little more than intercollegiate tennis.



CLIFFORD SUTTER
*Chairman of U.S.L.T.A.
 Amateur Rules
 Committee*

No, not unless we play into the hands of the pros and agree to meet there is an open tournament. That is the danger of the open. The only large tournament today is amateur. Put the open in competition, and the higher caliber of pro play will kill the interest in amateur tennis.



PANCHO GONZALES
*World professional
 champion*

I think so because professional tennis is better tennis, but the public will have to become educated to it. Although Jack Kramer is doing a good promotion job, what the pro needs are international matches like the Wightman Cup in tennis, which pits the English against the American women.



MERCER BEASLEY
Dean of tennis coaches

No, although I think pro tennis will prosper. If it were any other sport but tennis I would say that the pros would take over. However, tennis is the one sport in which amateurism is the basic appeal. We'll always have brilliant youngsters ready to take the places of those who turn pro.



WALTER GROGAN
*President of U.C.C.
 Spelling and Bros.*

There's room for both. Professional baseball didn't kill amateur baseball because Little League and American Legion baseball are national institutions. College baseball is booming. Pro tennis will become as interesting as other professional sports and will be an incentive for amateurs.



PANCHO SEGURA
Vietnam Service pro

Definitely. You frequently hear that there's no athletic competition as hard as amateur competition. I disagree. Every pro tennis match I have played in or seen is more fiercely contested than anything I saw or experienced during my many years as an amateur.

BASEBALL: FAIR ALL AROUND

Sir:

I am deeply appreciative of the way Robert Creamer presented the *Twinkle in Detroit* (81, Aug. 19). It was more than fair to me and doubly fair to my players, and the players, too, are most thankful.

We have awakened a bit of late and are playing better baseball—we may even make third.

Jack Tighe
Manager
Detroit Tigers

Detroit

Sir:

Your article is the most accurate appraisal of our ailments that I have read.

John J. McFall
General Manager
Detroit Tigers

Detroit

Sir:

We have had so many wild shots on the reason for our failures that it was a pleasure to read a well-thought-out story. Actually, it looks like we are going better, and higher realism is not beyond reality.

Neal K. (Doc) Fennell
Detroit Tigers

Detroit

N.Y. TO L.A. (CONT.): WIN OR LOSE

Sir:

IN THE 19TH HOLE, August 19, Martha Tunstall accuses Los Angeles of being able to support only a four-runner.

Last year the L.A. Angels won the pennant in a manner, but this year they are floundering around in only sixth place, yet the attendance has climbed well over last year's mark at this time.

In the 1968 season big Steve Billeo of L.A. was tearing up the league in every department, except pitching, and won the triple crown with 55 homers. He is not nearly as spectacular this year, but the fans are still out to see him.

Give us a winner or a loser, and we'll support it!

Mike Hulsant

San Gabriel, Calif.

N.Y. TO L.A. (CONT.): SIGNS ALL OUTDOORS

Sir:

We are not a captive audience out here, as the fans in the East are. If we want recreation or entertainment it is no problem to drive a hundred or two hundred miles for anything from water skiing to jack-rabbit hunting. We have the finest beaches available, beautiful parks, riding trails and fine roads. We have backyard barbecues available most of the year, indoor pools open to the public and ski runs within half a day's drive.

Why should we take a second-rate bunch of bums that New York won't support any longer? The Pirates probably mean something to the fans of Pittsburgh and Martha Tunstall. But these Dodgers are only the East Coast's scandals. They want us to build them a baseball park from our tax money, and then they want to sell televised games.

In other words, these big leaguers, so called, are coming out here after our dollar, offering nothing and playing us for suckers. I for one probably won't support them. There are too many other ways to spend my time without being played for a sucker.

Bess Franco

Santa Monica, Calif.

N.Y. TO L.A. (CONT.): WESTERN EXPOSURE

Sir:

Los Angeles fans expect a winner because we have been exposed to consistent winners in the sports that we do have now. Our two colleges, USC and UCLA, are among the best in the nation in their athletic programs. Even our minor league teams are among the winners. Our pro football team also is a consistent contender.

If I were that fan in Pittsburgh, I'd worry about the Pirates and let Mr. O'Malley and L.A. worry about the Dodgers. As for the issue—I'm quite certain that the Dodgers and the L.A. fans know the difference between first-class usage and that pitiful eighth-class usage.

William Schampau

Van Nuys, Calif.

WATER SKIING: AND AWAY WE GO

Sir:

I was fascinated by your water ski article (*All About Water Skiing*, 81, Aug. 19), and I wondered if you could tell me the proper way to fasten the tow rope to the boat so that I can get the best ride.

H. A. King

New York



TOW ROPE CORRECTLY FASTENED

● Bruce Farker advises that a bridle should be made at the towing end of the rope and the ends fastened to eye-bolts drilled through the transom, as shown in the drawing above. The bolts should be 3 inches below the top of the transom and 3 inches out on each side from the shaft of the propeller. Do not fasten the ends of the bridle to the carrying handles, because the skier in this way obtains so much leverage on the boat that he seriously affects the steering.—ED.

HYDRO OF TIME AND THE RIVER

Sir:

I've got to challenge *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* on two statements made by Mort Lund in his *Gold Cup PARVUEY* (81, Aug. 12). Lund said: "The first Rolls [engine] to

go into an unlimited went into *Sis-Mo-V* in 1903." Now, isn't it a fact that the *Miss Cascade* boats carried Rolls-Royce Merlin? These boats raced on the Detroit River in Silver Cup, Henry Ford Memorial, Gold Cup and Harnsworth races for years and were the last word in hydroplanes with graduated steps.

And, talking about hydroplanes, Mr. Lund is being very general. He calls the Gold Cup racers "hydro racers." True, the general public may accept this, but not the Detroit River Race Association (these really is such a group, clubhouse and all). Hydroplanes, unlike the *Shoelys*, have steps on their hulls which permit, at varying speeds, a boat to "get up" and plane. Boats like the *Shoely* and just about every other craft you mentioned are three-point suspension boats, having, for planing surfaces, two bow sponsors and a planing surface aft.

L. KNIGHT

New York

● Mr. Knight is right. The *Miss Cascade* boats in the 1940s were equipped with Rolls-Royce engines to comply with the Harnsworth rule specifying that the entire boat must be a product of the entering country. *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* should have amplified its statement by saying that 1963 was the first year in which the Rolls engine was used in an *Aerovox* boat. As to the distinction between three-point suspension boats and hydros, the term hydroplane has come to serve them all, although purists like the Detroit River Race Association may allow themselves the distinction of calling stepped-hull boats "step hydros."—ED.

GOLF: DO IT YOURSELF

Sir:

We are planning to build a home, and would like to include a regulation putting green. Could you advise where we can get information on this subject?

Evelyn L. Webster

Merov, Pa.

● If Mrs. Webster wants to start from scratch, she will first have to strip the topsoil and contour the green area according to her inclination. Then the area must be covered with topsoil that has enough sand to allow water to percolate through, sufficient organic materials to hold the water and enough clay to hold its contents. Finally the surface should be graded, fertilized and seeded either with Colonial Bent seed (for thin texture) or Velvet Bent seed (thick) or Creeping Bent seed (rough). A short cut used by Lowell Thomas on his course (81, Aug. 12) is to buy greenhouse turf and transplant this to the stripped and graded area. If Mrs. Webster needs further details, she should write to Mitchell Bros., North Sutton, N.H.—ED.

PAT ON THE BACK



GENERAL WHITE

The new Air Force Chief of Staff, General Thomas D. (Tommy) White, is a fighting man who can speak eight languages and tie his own trout flies. He has kept his vocation and his avocation in good balance ever since West Point. As an assistant military attaché in Russia in 1934, for instance, Tommy White not only learned the language extremely well, but he fished all the available streams. He did the same in China, Italy, Greece and Brazil.

Son of an Episcopal minister, General White was born in lake-studded Minnesota 56 years ago. He graduated from the Point in 1920 and transferred to the air arm in 1924.

During World War II, White alternated between command and staff assignments (including a tour of duty as intelligence chief of the air force), fought in New Guinea and the Philippines with the 13th Air Force and was commanding officer of the 7th for the final and decisive Central Pacific push against Japan.

General and Mrs. White are now quartered at Fort Myer, Va., and he does much of his fishing in the nearby streams of Virginia's Shenandoah Valley. But he takes his rod on Air Force business trips in case the opportunity arises to test in new streams the flies he makes himself with all the ingenuity and inventiveness a dedicated fisherman can apply to feathers, fur, thread, hooks and glue.



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